

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 12, 1966 40 CENTS

BOSTON TAKES OVER FIRST PLACE

Jim Nance breaks away on 65-yard touchdown run against Buffalo





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Next week

A SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE, the last issue of 1966, names the Sportsman of the Year and offers a rare array of other distinctive stories: coverage of two major new events, a showdown week in professional football and the richest tournament in golf; 20 pages of color photographs of sport in tropical Africa, with a story on that area's emergence into the world of modern athletics; the 1966 Silver Anniversary Awards, an essay by the celebrated Russian poet, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the first he has ever written especially for an American magazine, and, to test your bridge mettle, Charles Goren's annual year-end quiz.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Sports Illustrated

Editor-in-Chief: **Hedley Donovan**
 Chairman of the Board: **Andrew Huxhall**
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Next week this magazine will announce the names of the 26 men who have been selected for **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** 1966 Silver Anniversary Awards. Twenty-five years after playing their last college football games, they are being honored for the contributions they have made to American life—contributions that range over an area wide enough to include science, medicine, education, law, politics and business. The selections demonstrate once again that a good football record in college does not condemn one to an anti-intellectual career thereafter.

The story of the award winners, however, will be told in next week's issue. This week I want to express my thanks to a group of men who made the success of the Silver Anniversary Awards possible: the judges. Those who selected the 26 men for the 1966 awards were:

PAUL BRYANT, Athletic Director of the University of Alabama; TURNER CALLEDGE, Executive Editor of *The New York Times*; HOWARD L. CLARK, President of the American Express Company; ALLEN DULLES, attorney, former Director of the Central Intelligence Agency; BARRY GOLDWATER, former Senator from Arizona; GORDON GRAND, President of the Olin Matheson Chemical Corporation; HARDING L. LAWRENCE, President of Braniff International Airways; T. VINCENT LEARSON, President of International Business Machines Corporation; GEORGE LOVE, recently retired Chairman of the Chrysler Corporation; THOMAS B. MCCABE, Chairman of the Scott Paper Company; THE REV. JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY, S.J., Professor of Systematic Theology, Woodstock College; HERB SALINGER, Vice-President of Continental Airlines.

In the early days of the awards the editors of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** were a little timid about asking some of the busiest and most distinguished men in America to serve on the panel of judges. They discovered, to their pleasure, that any such worry was unfounded. President Kennedy, then a Senator from Massachusetts, cheerfully gave

his time to vote for the candidates presented by the colleges. General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, former Vice-President Richard Nixon, Red Grange, West Point Coach Red Blaik, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, and Novelist John P. Marquand were among the original judges.

Perhaps we underestimated the habits of mind that men in their position brought to the task of evaluating character and achievement. Perhaps the colleges cooperated more fully than we had expected in detailing the accomplishments of distinguished alumni. In any case, the task of being a judge required a lot of reading. The citations (which came from colleges of all sizes in all parts of the country), for instance, were bound into books, and this year's volume ran to 196 pages. It seems to me to be particularly significant that the heads of major corporations in America have freely donated their time to read the nominations and mark their ballots. Tom Watson of IBM, Roger Blough of U.S. Steel and Harlow Curtice of General Motors were on the first panel of judges in 1936. Their successors in the next decade included William Allen of Boeing, Lester Colbert of Chrysler, Henry Davison of Morgan Guaranty Trust, Raymond Firestone of Firestone Tires, Benson Ford of Ford Motors, Arthur Houghton of Steuben Glass, Lewis Maytag of National Airlines and Senate-elect Charles Percy, who was then head of Bell & Howell. The officers of Eastern Air Lines, Bausch & Lomb, Goodyear Tire & Rubber, Sears, Roebuck, Philip Morris, Dow Chemical and American Telephone and Telegraphs were also among the judges and, in fact, it would be hard to find an important American business whose representatives were not included. This magazine is proud to have been associated with them, as it is proud of having played a part in honoring the men they have chosen.

Garry Hall

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If you're under 25 with sideburns to burn, you need this dial.

If you're under 25, chances are you've got sideburns to burn. Longer than your dad's, shorter than some, but highly likely to grow out of control between trips to the barber.

If you use the new REMINGTON 200 Selectro shaver, they won't. And your cheeks won't be left with bloodstained slits, either.

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The REMINGTON 200 Selectro shaver has a dial with a special position just to trim sideburns. Click to number 5, and out comes the biggest pop-up trimmer ever. It's designed to trim sideburns straight, even and neat—without the risk of bloodletting, cheek slits or pain. It keeps them looking just as you want them to. Any style, any length, tapered, angled or curved.

The trimmer works well on the back of the neck, too. All you need

is a second mirror and in a flash last week's growth of scraggy hair is gone.

There's a special position just for your neck, too. Number 1.

It's designed to protect the tender skin of your neck—the skin most shaving devices cut, scratch, redden and irritate.

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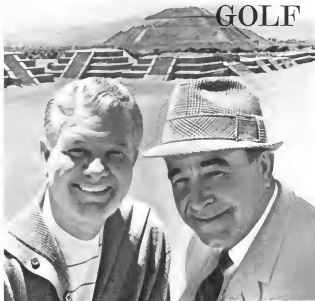
The price. The good news is that it actually costs less than the ordinary shavers that figure if a man under 25 has sideburns, he's on his own.

REMINGTON 200 Selectro Shaver

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SEE 11 TOP MATCHES ON SHELL'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF GOLF			
PLAYERS	LOCATION	BROADCAST DATE	
Brian Dutton Tommy Jacobs	Golf Club of Rome, (Italy)	Jan	7
Peter Allis Tony Linn	Vick-Ocean Golf Club, (Bermuda)	Jan	14
Apostolo Corda Johnny Pott	Golf Club of Mexico, (Mexico)	Jan	21
Peter Thomson Dave Marr	Golf Club "de Pau," (Holland)	Jan	28
Malcolm Spurr Mickey Wright	Toronto Golf Club, (Canada)	Feb	4
Nigel Sels Bill Cooper	Laguarda Country Club, (Newcastle)	Feb	11
Ivan Garschall Ken Venturi	La Baulle Golf Club, (France)	Feb	18
Julius Bressi Sam Snead	Presidents Golf Club, (Georgia)	Feb	25
Dave Thomas Bob Borling	Sandwiches Golf Club, (St. Watson)	Mar	4
Harold Henning Doug Sanders	Frankfurter Golf Club, (Germany)	Mar	11
Beltrito De Vito Tim Westcott	Feltham Golf Club, (England)	Mar	18

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IT'S A FACT

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For details and prices,
see the card
bound into this issue

SHOPWALK

The Anchorage supplies antiques from the sea for both sailors and landlubbers

Some businesses start on a shoestring, but we couldn't afford that. We started on borrowed twine. But now we're at the point where we can buy almost anything we want, and our warehouse is something like a walled-in shipwreck.

This capsule description of an unusual Seattle store comes from Paul Beckman, one of the partners in The Anchorage, a marine antique shop that specializes in selling refurbished remnants from old ships. The store is the creation of Beckman, a Boeing engineer, and Bill Little, a onetime advertising man. The Anchorage (located at 6518 15th Avenue, N.E., Seattle) is an enticing two-floor shop. Its nautical collection contains everything from brass keys to brass cannons, grog barrels to a captain's bunk, bronze "portholes" to mahogany portals. Its visitors range from hard-core marine traditionalists (absolute purists from the age of sails) to housewives who are merely den-shopping for their husbands.

Most of the nautical knickknacks sold by The Anchorage will never be found near salt water again. A brass kerosene lantern which once swung high on a sailing mast now graces the living room of a suburban home—perhaps in the midlands of America. An ivory-inlaid sextant which once pinpointed storm centers in the Pacific decorates some inland office. Emissaries from Trader Vic, whose Polynesian-style restaurants dot the land, see regular callers. Only a few weeks ago the Northwest artist, Windsor Uiley, bought an old pilothouse telephone and engine-room receiver for \$225 and installed it for practical use in his huge, castle-like Vancouver Island home.

Searching for unique nautical accessories has taken the partners on wandering, divergent courses. Beckman recently spent a few weeks on New England waterfronts and stopped in at Mystic Seaport, Conn. to pore over research material. During 1965, the partners estimate, they logged more than 26,000 miles, traveling by airplane, car, truck, yacht, ferry, fishing boat and rowboat. They keep up a lively correspondence with their contacts, Mystic Seaport, the Smithsonian Institution, marine historical societies and old boat-building firms.

The partners grossed approximately \$10,000 their first year, enough to escalate their dreams to a life full of travel. "We're looking for a sound old schooner hull," explains Little, "something we can restore and fit out in period style. Then we plan to load her with stuff we collect, travel from port to port, trading and selling and buying. We'll be the last of the old traders."

—EMMETT WATSON



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This engineer is developing a way to send talk down a pipeline of light.

What's he doing at IBM?

The usual channels of long-distance communication, namely, wires, radio and microwave, aren't looking so roomy these days.

At the rate we are transmitting talk, pictures, and information between our cities and into space we may one day need new means of communicating.

One new means appears to be the laser.

A laser beam, in theory, can transmit more information than all the radio channels currently in use.

The engineer in our picture is one of IBM's team which is inventing ways to get information on the beam at one end and off at the other.

IBM's interest in the laser grows out of its interest in anything that makes information more useful for people.

IBM has already demonstrated a laser device that can shoot check-out signals directly into a launch vehicle standing on the pad. Another IBM team is developing a laser for communicating with the astronauts, earth to spacecraft, planet to planet.

It all comes under the heading of making information easier to get, which is step one in making it more useful.



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SCORECARD

IN AND OUT

Upset by UCLA and humiliated by Notre Dame, USC lost again last week when nine of its football players, including its top receiver, its safety and its punter, were declared ineligible for the Rose Bowl. All nine are junior-college transfers, and the NCAA has ruled that a junior-college transfer must have accumulated 48 semester hours of credit or 24 hours with a grade of B or better to play in a bowl game, which is an NCAA-approved event. The nine USC players failed to meet these standards.

There is little question but that the rule is directed against California, which has 72 junior colleges—nearly twice as many as any other state. If the California junior-college system had been created merely to funnel athletes into the universities, the rule would make good sense, but 60% of California high school graduates who go to college go to junior college. Because most states lag behind California in the caliber of their junior colleges, many out-of-state educators perceptively downgrade junior-college education. Thus, when Californians have tried to get the required average reduced from B to C, they've been unable to muster enough votes.

Since we feel academic requirements are often too low, we're not greatly upset by the NCAA's standards. What bothers us is what appears to be a double standard. It makes no sense that a team is chosen for a bowl because of the contributions of all of its players and that on Jan. 2 only some of them may play.

HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR

It has been reliably reported that Buckpasser, who was recently voted Horse of the Year, will be tried on grass next summer, and if he handles it well for the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes or the Arc de Triomphe. If such is the case, he will be the first truly superior horse we have sent to Europe in 50 years. For example, we have tried to win the Arc with good mile-and-a-quarter

horses, like Career Boy, Carry Back and Tom Rolfe, but none of these had ever won at a mile and a half, so how could we have expected them to do so running uphill and downhill on grass over a strange course? Buckpasser is a horse of another color. Not only has he shown he can run on any surface from Chicago's concrete-fast strip to the goo at Aqueduct, but he has won handily at distances up to two miles.

The French may be breeding the best horses in the world for a mile and a half and over, but if Ogden Phipps does send Trainer Eddie Deloy, Jockey Braulio Baeza and Buckpasser to Longchamp, we'd like to get a bundle of francs down on that magnificent nose.

NEW DIMENSION

Among the rules adopted for January's supergame between the NFL and AFL champions is that two footballs will be used. When the NFL team is on offense it will use the official NFL ball, and when the AFL is on offense it will use the official AFL ball. Fair enough? Uh-uh, says Babe Parilli, quarterback of the Boston Patriots, who played for Green Bay and Cleveland in the NFL. According to Parilli, the AFL ball is slightly faster than the NFL's, which makes it easier to kick but—aha!—harder to throw. That does it—the NFL has got to win.

TEE AND SYMPATHY

It is generally an ill wind that blows around the golf courses of northern California. Take the case of Hal Hillman of San Francisco, who some time ago watched helplessly as a westerly carried his lofty, sliced drive into a parking lot. When he went to retrieve his ball he discovered it had made a perfect crater in the hood of a brand-new car. Hillman did what any responsible citizen would have done in such a situation: he left his card with a note saying that he would gladly pay for repairs. In due course Hillman received the following reply from

the owner of the damaged car, a lady:

"Dear Mr. Hillman, I wouldn't dream of having that dent removed. It is such a lovely reminder that others have the same problems I do. I hope your slice is improving."

TO THE REAR, MARCH

Since it is generally conceded that baseball games often drag on and on and on, the American League, in all its wisdom, has changed its rule on managers going to the mound to talk to pitchers. Last year a manager had to take out his pitcher the second time he visited him during a game. The new rule permits a manager to colloquize with a pitcher once an inning.

PLATTYING

The Christmas catalog of Neiman-Marcus, which is not known for encouraging inconspicuous consumption, contains the following listing: "Skung days never end with your own ski slope in the back yard. 121' long, 25' wide, 25' high with SkiTrak plastic surface that skis like



snow and no snow shoveling. \$100,000 complete with lights for night sking. Toy shop."

None have been sold to date, but there are 13 days until Christmas.

VERDANT VILES (CONT.)

Two weeks ago we reported that the Skagit County Planning Commission, heedless of the virtues of relatively unspoiled land, had ruled that a \$100 million aluminum-reduction foundry could be built on pastoral Guemes Island, which lies off Bellingham, Wash, Al-

continued

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SCORECARD *Continued*

though construction is still far from a certainty, neighboring Sinclair Island wants out; specifically, it is trying to secede from mainland Skagit County—an unprecedented but legal process. As Sinclair's plea states: "We will feel safer in San Juan County with the remainder of our sister islands. . . ." Cypress, Vendovi and Guemes, the other San Juan islands in Skagit County, are expected to follow suit.

These islands were cut off as a result of the comic-opera Pig War, the last armed confrontation between the U.S. and Great Britain, which was settled in 1872, the only casualty being a boar owned by the Hudson's Bay Company.

In the Oregon Treaty of 1846, the U.S. and Great Britain set the Canadian-American boundary at the 49th parallel, with the provision that the line should drop down between Vancouver Island and the American mainland, and then cut out to the Pacific through the middle of the Strait of San Juan de Fuca. Unfortunately, the authors of the treaty hadn't the haziest notion of the multitude of islands and channels thereabouts. The Americans decided that the boundary should run through Haro Strait, west of the San Juans, while the British figured it belonged in Rosario Strait, east of the islands.

In 1859 an American squatter on San Juan Island shot the British pig, which was rooting in his potato patch. Within days, 2,500 troops were braced for action, the Americans encamped at the southern end of San Juan Island, the British at the north. Happily, both sides realized the ridiculous figure they would cut in history and agreed to a 100-man joint military occupancy until a commission could settle the affair.

But the Civil War broke out, and San Juan was forgotten. The soldiers never had it so good. They discovered the hunting, the fishing, the Indian maidens. The idyll ended more than a decade later when the commission, still utterly befuddled, submitted the dispute for arbitration to William I. of Germany, who decided in favor of the U.S.

However, the long wrangle over Haro and Rosario straits set a kind of mental boundary line through the heart of the San Juans. When the State of Washington drew up its county lines, it seemed logical to follow the old Pig War boundaries, thus isolating Sinclair, Cypress, Vendovi and Guemes islands. Secession

Scotch With A Tang Of Ol' Kaintuck?

by
Julian P. Von Winkle, Jr.
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



As a distiller of old-line Sour Mash Bourbon, my attitude toward the worth of the second-hand whiskey barrel in well expressed in this old Kentucky story. A lady of great left name wheezing down the gangplank of an Ohio River stern-wheeler. Under her arm was tucked a tiny Mexican hairless dog.

"Pardon me ma'am," queried a nearby lad in awe, "is that thing you're carry'n a dog?"

"Why certainly," she snapped.

"I don't wish to fret you none," the boy replied, "but, ain't you purty near out of dog?"

Once our barrels of new upland timber have ambered and mellowed one generation of Old Fitzgerald, we consider that they, too, are "purty near out of dog" in regard to offering character to a second batch of whiskey. So we Kentuckians have bought barrels high and sold them, once used, for a pittance.

Now the Scotchmen, being woefully short of white oak, are snapping up our old wood. (How it must gall them to bid up the price on anything!) For, unlike straight Bourbon, which acquires its grace from new barrels, all foreign spirits rest in used coopers.

With a stream of our spent casks heading for the highlands—still carrying remnants of the full-bodied flavor of Old Fitzgerald—I have to think that a touch of our "left over" Bourbon is adding zest to those paler-faced whiskies from across the water.

And, should a friend suggest his Scotch is better than ever, you may reasonably suspect his whisky was seasoned by a barrel which originally held Old Fitzgerald, the most expensively made* Bourbon in Kentucky . . . and foreign in the world.

*Source: Kentucky Distilling Records.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
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would return these islands to their geographic family and, more significantly, would put them under the protection of a county government—San Juan—that currently is drawing up a land-use plan which would reserve all its islands for residence and recreation.

FOR PEANUTS

The Peter Pan peanut butter people have picked an all-star team of NFL rookies, whose common bond is their alleged love of peanut butter. Among its members are Center Pat Killeon of Pittsburgh, whose favorite, we are led to believe, is peanut butter and bananas on rye, Guard Tommy Mack of Los Angeles, peanut butter and lettuce; Defensive Tackle Jerry Shay of Minnesota, peanut butter and tuna; Defensive Back Jim Herdel of St. Louis, toasted peanut butter and marshmallows; Linebacker Don Hansen of Minnesota, peanut butter and pickles; and Defensive Halfback Alvin Randolph of San Francisco, peanut butter, jelly and sausage on crackers.

This is one team that's bound to stick together.

THE NEXT STEP

At 20,320 feet, Mount McKinley is the highest peak in North America; moreover, the prevalence of storms and extreme temperatures—an average of -15° F. in the summer—makes it one of the world's most difficult climbs. Although many climbers have been forced to turn back short of the summit in the summer, a six-man team is going to start up McKinley on Feb. 1. At that time of year the average temperature may well be -30° F., -100° F. is not impossible, and the winds could reach 150 mph. Needless to say, this will be the first winter attempt on the mountain. As the team leader, Gregg Bloomberg, 25, of Denver, explains, "A winter ascent of a major peak is the logical next step in mountaineering." He then adds: "Those committed to the climb are motivated by the urge which causes all mountaineers to at times question their sanity. The temptation to shrug off sensible pursuits and go again in search of ourselves has proved too strong to overcome."

The climbers will be flown to a point on the Kahilina Glacier, 17 walking miles and 14,000 vertical feet from the summit, and their tentative route is the West Buttress. They are allowing themselves 40 days to get to the top—an un-

continued

Fond of things Italiano? Mix these drinks with Galliano.

Serve cocktails Italian style with Galliano, the legendary liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun".

For those with adventurous taste, may we suggest the following prize winning recipes from around the world.

BOSSA NOVA SPECIAL
(Prize Winning Recipe—Pescara Beach Hotel—Cambridge, Baltimore)
1 ea. Galliano
1 ea. Light Rum
1/2 ea. Apricot Flavored Brandy
2 ea. Pineapple Juice
1/2 ea. White of Egg
1/4 ea. Lemon Juice
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL
1 ea. Galliano
1/2 ea. Brandy
Shake well up in cracked ice
Strain into cocktail glass

GOLDEN CADILLAC
1 ea. Galliano
2 ea. White Creme de Cacao
1 ea. Cream
Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for short time until a milky foam into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST
Fill old fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 ea. Galliano over ice and combine and dilute to just on touch line into glass. Stir and serve.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL
(Prize Winning Recipe—London England—Barnesbury Guild)
1 ea. Galliano
1 ea. Calumet
1/2 ea. Orange Juice
1/2 ea. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GAY GALLIANO
(Prize Winning Recipe—Sandy (New York), Barbours, W. J.)
1/2 ea. Galliano 1/2 ea. Rum
1/2 Fresh lime juice
Put ingredients into blender with alcohol ice. Mix until thick (semi frozen). Pour into champagne glass and garnish with twist of lime peel.

MILANO
(Prize Winning Recipe—Copenhagen, Denmark)
1 ea. Galliano
1 ea. Dark lime juice
Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Serve with cherry.

ITALIAN HEATHER
(Prize Winning Cocktail—Wine, Italy)
1/2 ea. Scotch 1/2 ea. Galliano
Shake with ice. Strain into glass with twist of lemon peel.

LIQUEUR GALLIANO
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SPECIALIST OF
P. D'Amico & Sons
of Astoria, Ore.

No. 2 says he Than who?

We wouldn't, for a minute, argue with No. 2. If he says he tries harder, we'll take him at his word.

The only thing is, a lot of people assume it's us he's trying harder than.

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We have a direct-line telephone in most major hotels and motels in the U.S. It's marked HERTZ and it's in the lobby. Pick it up, ask for a car, and we'll deliver one to the door. You often can't get a cab as easily.

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On that score we claim no superiority over our competition. They goof once in awhile. We goof once in awhile.

Except when we goof it bothers us more because people don't expect the big one to goof. And to make up for it, if our service is not up to Hertz standards we give you \$50 in free rentals.* Plus an apology.

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*There's one thing you have to do for us. Fill out our Credit and Service Form and mail it to our main office in its self-addressed envelope. Upon activation we'll send you \$50 in rentals. (on Hertz's return.) mail

tries harder.

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We feel the other way about it. We can't afford to do less.

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SCORECARD *continued*

hurried approach that is an Alaskan innovation and has led to successful ascents in remote parts of the state.

Other innovations for the McKinley climb are igloos and headlamps. Where snow conditions permit, the climbers will build igloos instead of using tents. "Many a mountaineer," says Blomberg, "has spent a sleepless night in a tent snapping and popping in a 60-mph gale." The headlamps are principally for night packing; there is precious little daylight 2½° from the Arctic Circle, and it must be utilized for actual climbing. Indeed, the sun won't appear over the horizon during the climb; instead, there will be from eight to 11 hours of varying degrees of twilight. The climbers will also undergo cold weather and high-altitude acclimatization, and they have been asked to maintain their homes at 60° F. to increase body fat and improve peripheral blood flow.

Subscribing to Amundsen's philosophy that "the greatest factor in the success of an exploring expedition is the way in which every difficulty is foreseen and precautions taken for meeting or avoiding it," the climbers are taking along "books and games with which to entertain ourselves while waiting out storms," as well as indoor toilets. Says Blomberg of the latter: "One member with wide experience made his joining contingent on their inclusion."

FROM RIGHT TO LEFT

Two years ago 368 field goals were kicked in major college games. Last year there were 484. This year there have been 522. Straight-ahead, soccer-style, barefoot, the foot is back in football. Early in the season Ball Shear kicked a 61-yard field goal for Cortland State, a yard short of the record held by Pat O'Dea of Wisconsin (1898). Kurt Zimmerman of UCLA kicked 33 straight extra points this year, and Bunky Henry of Georgia Tech has hit 48 in a row.

But the most memorable kicks of 1966 were made by Fred Milton of Wenatchee Valley College of Wenatchee, Wash. and Oscar Patrick of the West Virginia freshmen. In a game against Yakima Valley, Milton's extra-point kick hit Umpire Dick Clark on the head, knocking off his cap and exposing his bald pate. The ball next caromed off a Yakima player and bounced up and over the crossbar. Alas, the kick was nullified a month later—it should have been ruled dead—and

Yakima was declared the winner, 19-18.

Oscar Patrick hails from Coalwood, W. Va., and when he went to Big Creek High School they wouldn't let him kick extra points because Big Creek wound around the goalposts and Oscar always kicked the ball in the creek and somebody had to fetch it.

The day before the Penn State game Oscar hurt his right and kicking leg, so he volunteered to kick left-footed. Coach Howard Tippet took him to a practice field, where three balls had been set up. Oscar kicked the first to the left, the second to the right and the third between the uprights. "You're it," said Tippet.

The next day Oscar got only one try, but that was enough. His extra-point kick, left-footed, beat Penn State 7-6.

HEAD START

We can't recall a competitive walker ever being charged with professionalism. In fact, the only thing we've heard walkers accused of is running. But it seems to us that Charles Newell of Ashland, Ohio, who won the National AAU Junior 35-kilometer walking championship in Kansas City last month, had something going for him. Newell is a postman.

JUST WHAT IT ALWAYS WANTED

An IBM 1401 computer at Columbia University has bested 10 humans in predicting the winners of football games this fall. The computer picked 57 out of 80 games, while the nearest humans, senior Mark Schlesinger and Bridget Leicester, a university secretary, tied for second with 54. By finishing first, the computer won a \$25 gift certificate from a neighborhood clothing store.

THEY SAID IT

• Tommy Prothro, UCLA football coach, asked who he picked as No. 1 in the UPI poll: "I don't think we're allowed to say who we voted for. But if I saw a fight that was even, and one guy was running at the end of the fight, I'd vote for the guy that was chasing."

• Bear Bryant, Alabama football coach: "At Alabama everything is based on winning. I would not go for a tie late in a game. I believe my boys would be disappointed in me if I did, because we wouldn't be doing what I preach. Alabama players have a far-reaching influence on young people. Some of those young folks are going off for Vietnam every day, and I hope they aren't going over there for any tie."

END

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TIMEX®

FIRE FROM THE ASHES

At first no one took Boston's Patriots seriously, but with Coach Mike Holovak fanning embers of pride and toughness and big Jim Nance running strong, the Pats whipped Buffalo to lead the AFL Eastern race **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

By beating Buffalo last Sunday at the Bills' own game—defense—the amazing Boston Patriots have taken the lead in the American Football League's Eastern Division. To keep the lead, the Pats must defeat the Oilers in Houston this week and the Jets in New York on the final weekend of the regular season. That seems to be a formidable job even for the Patriots, who do their best when the pressure is toughest. But the very fact that Boston is up there at all is cause for astonishment. It should be enough to make Mike Holovak the AFL's Coach of the Year and Fullback Jim Nance—who got the Patriots moving on offense with a brilliant, battering 65-yard touchdown run (see cover)—the league's most valuable player. It ought to win a year's supply of cigars for Quarterback Babe Parilli.

Although Buffalo's Joel Collier, the youngest head coach in professional football, said early in the season that he expected the East to come down to a fight between his team and Boston in the fading weeks, few considered that idea seriously—especially after Buffalo Quarterback Jack Kemp got his sore elbow cured and took the Bills on a streak, losing only one of 10 games. But Boston, all but unnoticed, was losing only one game of eight. The loss was a freakish thing played against Denver in a cold rainstorm, and it knocked the Pats out of an earlier, temporary lead.

Boston rebounded from the Denver loss to tie Kansas City, the Western Division champions, 27-27, and then beat Miami to set up last week's showdown with Buffalo. Suddenly the Pats became candidates for reappraisal.

There are at least three reasons for Boston's surprising success: the consistent play of Nance, the uncanny coaching of Holovak and a defense that has been exceptionally reluctant to give up yardage on the ground, thus cutting off ball control by opponents. "We figure if you take away the rushing," says Boston Defensive Tackle Houston Antwine, "the other side can't keep the ball for very long at a time."

Middle Linebacker Nick Buoniconti is a vital part of such strategy. At 5 feet 11 and 220 pounds, Buoniconti, who made his reputation as a fierce blitzer, is so quick that he looks like a big safety man playing a few yards across from the opposing quarterback. Buoniconti has an instinct for being where the action is, and he reads offenses as if he had been in the other huddle.

Buoniconti and the Pats used to put on a blitz that resembled a stampede. "They hit you with so many guys," Kemp once said, "that you'd sweat half a dozen of them came out of the stands." Such full-on blitzing is usually a gamble to disguise a weakness, which in Boston's case was—and still is—the defensive backs' lack of speed. But the Patriots

worked the blitz so well that it came to be regarded as a standard defense—and helped them win the Eastern Championship in 1963.

"We blitzed a lot because we were getting away with it," says Holovak, a tall, quiet man who was an outstanding fullback on Frank Leahy's Boston College teams of 1940, 1941 and 1942 and who later played fullback for the Rams and the Bears. "We don't blitz a tenth as much as we did three years ago. If we blitz less, it is more effective."

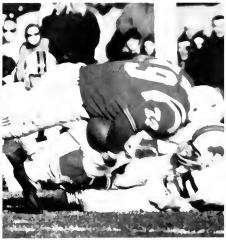
After PT-boat duty in World War II, Holovak served as head coach at Boston College for nine seasons. BC teams at that time were so meager in talent that Holovak had to move players around from week to week into positions they had never played before. That experience served him well when he joined the Pats in 1959 as director of player personnel. He was pressed into labor as offensive backfield coach under Lou Saban and became head coach when Saban was fired after the fifth game of the 1961 season. Under Holovak, the Patriots have never finished worse than second except in 1965, when a flood of injuries dropped them to third.

Boston was not expected to rise much above that mediocre level this year. Quarterback Parilli is 36 years old. Most of the Patriots' receivers are small and slow, although one of them, Gino Cappelletti, the field-goal kicker, has led the

continued

Putting a fed cigar, the Patriots' veteran quarterback, Babe Parilli, relishes the taste of triumph in dressing-room celebration after Bills' defeat.





AFL in scoring four times. Their main strengths were their defensive line and linebackers. But without a runner to ease the obligations of Larry Garrison, the defense seemed in for a long year. And the Pats started off gloomily enough, losing two of their first three games before Holovak rallied them.

"Mike gets more out of his material than any other coach I've ever seen," says one of his AFL rivals. "His secret is that he sticks to the things his team does best. Mike doesn't allow any prima donnas. His players are tough guys who like to play and they play for Mike, who is a gentleman."

"If I have any secret," says Holovak, "it's that we work hard and this team is gifted with fellows who stick together and believe in themselves. We can play anybody to a standstill, and we know it."

Holovak has employed a number of players who would have had to buy tickets to see some of the other clubs perform. After Oakland's financial problems were settled, Boston and Denver were the pinchpenny franchises of the AFL. There was little money to spend on players—at least until TV revenues and declining talent prodded the Pats into signing their best crop of rookies last season. There is no elaborate scouting system at Boston. The result is that the Pats have found most of their players in the East or South. "We concentrate on smaller areas," Holovak says. "When the two leagues were competing, we felt we'd have little chance to sign a boy from the Far West, for example, if the Rams or 49ers had drafted the same boy. Then, too, we can learn more about players from our own area because we can scout them more frequently."

It was from the East that Holovak got the man who has made the Boston offense go this year. With Parilli having a poor season statistically, Jim Nance had to come through at fullback. Nance was better known in college at Syracuse for wrestling than for football. Still, he was a high draft choice of the Bears, but only the 19th-round pick of the cautious Pats. For half of his rookie year, 1965, Nance looked as if he should

have stayed on the mat. He was heavy and slow, and the Pats began to think they had got themselves a flop. After a midseason game, Nance weighed 260. "Jim, you're a good blocker," said Holovak. "I'll bet you'd make a fine guard."

"I am a good blocker," Nance says. "Every coach I've had has thought about turning me into a guard or tackle. I didn't know if Mike was serious or just using psychology on me. But I knew I'd better lose some weight. My trouble is, everything I eat sticks to me, and I like pies and cakes." This year, at 235, Nance has become an effective runner. When he drives into a stack of players, the stack moves. He gets an emotional response from the Boston crowd by making three yards. On October 30, against Oakland, Parilli completed only four passes, but Nance carried 38 times for 208 yards and Boston won. "For Nance, it was a question of dedication and of realizing he could do it," says Holovak. "His potential is unlimited."

Oddly, perhaps, what helped most to discipline Nance was his buying a place called Jim Nance's Lounge in Boston. The two jobs keep him too busy to eat. "But the primary thing is that last year I wasn't serious," says Nance. "I had an ideal, easy life. Buying the place meant my employees had to rely on me, and I had to rely on them. If a person works for me, I expect him to do his job. I work for Holovak, and he expects me to do my job."

Wrestling, too, has aided Nance as a fullback. "It's good for my balance," he says. "It's good for the small cuts. And in wrestling, it's one guy against another, with nobody to help. I've got plenty of help on this team, of course, but the wrestling feeling has carried over. It's a personal thing. Those guys in the secondary are smaller than I am. They'll come in looking to tackle me head on, but after I've tagged them a couple of times they start closing their eyes or ducking their heads. Pretty soon they're swearing when they get up. Then they'll start turning their shoulders when they come at me, and I know I've got them."

Nance's only flaw as a fullback is that he doesn't yet know how to run wide.

But he has the speed to do so—as he proved in the first quarter on a bright, cold day last Sunday against Buffalo. On third and two when everybody in the sellout crowd of 39,350 at Fenway Park knew it would be Nance carrying the ball, the big fullback crashed into an excellent Buffalo defensive line that was massed against him. He broke two tackles, stumbled but regained his balance and ran for his touchdown.

That run started Nance toward his fourth consecutive 100-yard-plus afternoon and added to the 1,234 yards he now has for the season—an AFL record. It also put Boston ahead, 7-3. But it took a brilliant defense and a bit of luck to keep the Pats there. In the second quarter, on a blitz, Kemp threw an apparent 56-yard touchdown pass to Glenn Buss. The pass was wiped out because of offensive interference. After that, Kemp cooled off. Parilli was having his own problems with the Buffalo defense, but he got a break in the third quarter when a pass to Joe Bellino bounced off the hands of an interceptor—Tom Janik—and wound up being clutched by Bellino at the Bills' five-yard line. With Nance leading the blocking convey, Parilli scored on a roll-out from the three for a 14-3 lead. There was to be no more scoring.

The Pats were trying to contain Kemp, who likes to scramble to the outside. They would come on with the blitz sometimes, but as often they came with a three-man rush that—due to the excellent play of Tackles Antwine and Jim Hunt—reached Kemp and bothered him. End Larry Eisenhauer got to Kemp late in the third quarter and put him out of the game. Daryle Lamonic finished as the Buffalo quarterback, losing the ball twice on fumbles. In the last seconds the Bills drove to the Boston one and were stopped again. The Pats were jubilant. This year's AFL championship game will be played in the East, where frozen ground might give Nance an edge. Nance, however, is thinking beyond that. "I want to play those NFL guys," he says. "I'm sick of hearing people say we're not good enough to play in that league."

END

Going, going, gone are Buffalo Quarterback Jack Kemp's chances of getting off a pass as Boston Tackle Jim Hunt charges in, jolts the ball loose and crashes his 265 pounds down on Kemp. The Patriot defenders gave Kemp such a battering that he left game in third quarter, could not return.

THE BUG IS SMALL—BUT OH MY!

Volkswagens, disguised as Lilliputian Formula One cars, have gone to the races in a big way and the pros, to judge by their zest last week, like them as much as the amateurs they were designed for **by KIM CHAPIN**



Huber Gunther, the runner-up, slips in behind his winning teammate, Joachim Wiedl.

Everybody knows the beetle, the car that looks like a ladle on wheels and hasn't had a model change in over two decades. And everybody knows what it can do: on a good day the beetle dredges up 41.5 horsepower from its four tiny cylinders and goes so slow it would have trouble holding its own in a go-kart derby. So what's new about the sturdy little bug that some people even call a Volkswagen? It races. What is more, it races very fast and very well.

Last week in Nassau the VW—wearing several different skins but still the good old Volksw beneath them—asserted its claim to a place alongside the big cars during the 13th annual Bahamas International Speed Weeks in a race called, appropriately enough, the Grand Prix of Volkswagens. Captain Sherman F. (Red) Crise, a Nassau entrepreneur, scraped together a purse of over \$4,000 for the Grand Prix, making it the richest race yet for Formula Vee cars. The Vee, of course, stands for VW.

The Formula Vee class is now four years old and is rapidly becoming one of the most popular classifications among U.S. foreign sports-car enthusiasts. It was created by Hubert Brundage, a Floridian who wanted to develop something similar in scope to Star sailboat racing—as strictly defined as the Star class with cars well within the financial range of the amateur but still looking like the real thing, in this case Formula One racers.

In 1962 Brundage had an experimental car built by Nardi, an Italian manufacturer. Soon several others fol-

lowed suit. They ran their cars in Formula Junior and Formula Libre events anywhere they could, until the Sports Car Club of America devised a class for them in 1964. By then Formula Vee had become so popular that manufacturers, most notably Gene Beach of Clearwater, Fla. and Autodynamics, a company in Marblehead, Mass., were turning out 40 to 50 of the kits each year. Don Chessman, the International Formula Vee director, estimates that now there are about 1,300 Vees in the U.S. alone, nearly all of them assembled from kits, and a Vee race is on nearly every SCCA weekend race calendar.

The rules are simple. First, plunk down \$1,000 for a Formula Vee kit, which includes the body shell, rear suspension, frame, driver's seat, steering wheel and wiring. Then go to your friendly neighborhood used-car dealer and talk him in to selling you a used VW with a 1,192 cc. engine and 50,000 miles on it. (They're about broken in for racing then, said the wife of one driver in Nassau.) Put the pieces together on your front porch, pile the family into the station wagon and go racing. You do not even have to modify the engine: tinkering to affect speed is not allowed.

Some owners claim a horsepower rating as high as 46, but don't believe it, though top speeds on a long straight do get above 100 mph. The beautiful part of all this is that the whole racer costs just about \$2,500, or \$500 less than it takes to prepare the least expensive sports car. Maintenance or major replacements are unheard of, presuming you don't hit

anything too solid. Tires last for at least three race meetings, and gas mileage is right around 14 miles per gallon. The result is that doctors, lawyers, chemical engineers, airline pilots, car dealers and the like, who know people like Jim Clark, Jackie Stewart and John Sargeant by name only, now pop around circuits in reasonable duplicates of the cars those racing giants drive.

A more serious consequence of the new formula is that many established racers now feel that a driver should spend at least one year and preferably two in a Formula Vee before graduating to something bigger and quicker. In fact, the Formula Vee becomes most enjoyable when the professional and amateur drivers are together in the same race, as they were at Nassau. Some, like Sam Posey, 21, from Sharon, Conn., want eventually to drive Formula One cars. Others, like Chuck Parsons, the 1966 U.S. road-racing champion, Mario Andretti (who took a ride in a Vee, then decided his car wasn't competitive and stepped out) and Pedro Rodriguez are world-class drivers. But most were weekend warriors, anxious to see what they could do against some of the world's best.

They found out. Only four of the top-10 finishers were not professionals or aspirants. Jochen Rindt of Austria, who finished third in the world-championship point standings this year, won. What Tharin, a chemical engineer from Allendale, S.C., who finished sixth, sought out Rindt after the race and said, "I saw you go through the Royal Victoria curve [a big, sweeping right-hander] so nicely I said to myself, 'If you can do it, dammit, I can,' and tried to follow your line. You made it beautifully, but half-way through I was washing out. I'm just an amateur driver, but it was a pleasure driving in the same race with you."

Rindt nodded politely. His victory was a foregone conclusion shortly after he and fellow Austrians Michael Walliczek and Huber Ganther, all driving Austro Vaus (the body gives the car its name, not the engine), soon established themselves as the quickest on the 4.5-mile Oakes Field course at the Queen Elizabeth II Sports Centre. Rindt was turning laps nearly five seconds faster than the best American car. Slipstreaming with his teammates helped some, but the most important factor was that their

cars were built by Porsche in Austria, which has the VW dealership, Porsche mechanics, the most meticulous and detail-minded in the business, warmed all over the Austro Vaus in the days leading to the race. While their engines might have been the same as the rest, it was apparent the Austrians' cars overall were not. Their handling and suspension systems were far superior. Rindt toured the 23 laps (103.5 miles) at 82.397 miles per hour, a record, and finished 99 seconds ahead of Ganther.

It was strange that anybody wanted to go racing in Nassau at all. Speed Weeks is the last major racing date of the year, and the drivers and mechanics look upon it as a sort of paid vacation. After a week of Red Crise cocktail parties, goombay music, which can drive an outsider up the wall in a day, the sun and the sea, who needs engines? Indeed, there almost were no engines. A shipping foul-up caused a three-day delay in getting the 106 cars from Miami to Nassau and resulted in a five-day postponement of the Nassau Tourist Trophy Race for Grand Touring cars. Then the temperature plummeted into the high 50s, no cause for alarm in Kokomo or Waterloo, but in Nassau—where the December average temperature is a more livable 70— Islanders huddled in little groups on Bay Street and awaited the millennium.

But at long last the cars arrived and the temperature shot up to its accustomed place. On the same day Rindt won the Formula Vee race, Hap Sharp in a winged Chaparral won the combined Governors' Trophy-Nassau Tourist Trophy race, while Peter Gregg in a Porsche Carrera won the Grand Touring side of the event with a fourth-place overall finish. On Sunday, Mark Donohue won the week's major show, the 250-mile Nassau Trophy race, and as everybody packed up to go home Crise announced that he had a bonus next year for the Formula Vee people. Since the Volkswagen factory now turns out a 1,493 cc. engine as well as the smaller-size block, he said, next year there would be two races, a 100-miler for the smaller engines and a 200-miler for the bigger ones. Rindt smiled. "Next year we come back with six engines," he said. "Three little ones and three big ones." It was enough to give an amateur chills, even in Nassau.

END



Austria's Rindt holds aloft the Brundage trophy for richest Formula Vee race yet.

USF WINS ONE FOR THE U.N.

San Francisco's soccer team, whose stars and coach have Asian, European, South and Central American backgrounds, took the NCAA title from another group of internationals representing Long Island University **by JOE JARES**

Whoever designs those United Nations Christmas cards stressing international brotherhood—African and Asian children skipping along hand in hand, and things like that—is missing a bet by not featuring the University of San Francisco soccer squad. One forward is a Hungarian refugee. Another is the son of a former Venezuelan consul in San Francisco. The team's left halfback and the goalie were born in Russia, the right fullback in Poland, the center forward in Peru, the inside left in Guatemala. The left wing went from Germany to South America to the U.S. The outside right is a Dutchman from Indonesia. There are Catholics and Jews, light skins and dark and even an American-born player or two. Their coach is not U Thant but a Greek Orthodox Rumanian named Steve Negoescu, who teaches biology in a junior high school. A onetime USF All-America, he now handles two teams in the spring and, in the regular fall season, coaches teen-agers on Fridays, a Police Athletic League team on Saturdays, an AAU team on Sundays and the USF Dons the rest of the time. Negoescu thinks, talks and dreams soccer, and no doubt would eat soccer if his Guatemalan wife could figure out a way to make the ball digestible.

At least once a week the coach herds his international cast down to the beach and makes it run seven miles or more in the sand and play a 40-minute game with only seagulls for an audience. Any kind of practice session is bleak for the portion of the squad that must try to score on Russian goalie Mike Ivanov. Through the regular season he allowed only five goals, and two of those were on penalty kicks. Peruvian Eduardo Rangel led the offense with 21 goals.

It is nothing new for USF to have foreign stars, but the Dons up to this season had never made the semifinals of the NCAA tournament, which started in

1959. Usually they were knocked out early by St. Louis University, the elite school in collegiate soccer. They started this year with seven solid wins but ended with some matches scary enough to add another ulcer to Negoescu's lifetime record of eight. They barely beat San Jose State in two overtimes, came from behind to tie California and, in an NCAA regional playoff, came from behind again to beat San Jose State in the rain 2-1. Then it was off to Missouri for a rain-soaked second-round match with defending champion St. Louis, a match that was complicated by the fact that Left Halfback Jerry Katzeff, from Russia, did not have his dog along on the trip and therefore could not sleep. Despite Katzeff's wakeful night, USF won 2-1 in overtime and at last was in the semifinals. Last week the nation's four surviving teams—Army, Long Island, Michigan State and USF—got together and Negoescu's innards were under little strain, for his U.N. All-Stars twice won convincingly to give USF its first NCAA title since the basketball-glory days of Bill Russell and K. C. Jones.

The victory site was Berkeley's Memorial Stadium, nestled cozily against steep, wooded hills on the University of California campus, far above the turmoil of chanting, placard-carrying demonstrators down at Sproul Hall. (To the soccer nuts in the stands, Mario Savio probably would have been identified as an Italian center half from East Stroudsburg State.) The pastoral setting was marred during Thursday's semifinals by a rain that kept going away and then returning with intensities that varied from a leaky-faucet drip to neo-Noah's Flood. To make things worse, the California-Stanford football game had been played in the stadium during a driving rain two weeks earlier, resulting in large patches of Okefenokee Swamp at midfield and just inside both endzones.

Michigan State, the undefeated, onetime tournament favorite, met once-beaten Long Island University in the first match. The Spartans had reached the finals in 1964 and 1965 and lost both times 1-0. Last year's loss to St. Louis was on a penalty kick. This time St. Louis was out of the running, and Spartan Coach Gene Kenney had his team well-stocked with St. Louis-grown boys of his own (seven of them started). The Spartans seemed confident.

The Long Island Blackbirds were confident, too, and mad. At a reception Wednesday night 23-year-old Coach Joe Machnik got the impression the press was letting him sit in a corner while all the attention was being lavished on the other three coaches. He went back to the hotel and told his team he had been snubbed. Next day the two scoreboards, which had LIU in smaller letters than Michigan State, infuriated the players still more.

Back East in Brooklyn, LIU students gathered in the school gymnasium, which used to be a movie house, to listen to the match over a telephone-loudspeaker hookup. Never before had their school advanced so far in any kind of NCAA competition. LIU played tough defense and scored first on a goal by Italian-born Carlo Trameozzi, with an assist by another Italian, Marcello Launi. In the second quarter Dov Markus kicked his 62nd goal in two years, and LIU left at half time with a 2-0 lead. In the second half the Blackbirds hardly tried to score, sometimes keeping eight men back on their end of the field, daring Michigan State to kick the ball through all those bodies. Which is just about what the Spartans did—twice—and at the end of the fourth 22-minute quarter it was a 2-2 tie. Overtime.

The rain returned after a brief respite, and the gooey patches on the field doubled in size and sloppiness. For two five-



USF's Hungarian-born star, Sándor Hites, who had three goals, is pursued by LIU defender.

minute sudden-death overtime there was no score. Nor could the match be decided on corner kicks, since both teams had five (a team is awarded a corner kick when the opponent causes the ball to go out of bounds behind its own goal). Finally, in the third overtime period, Michigan State's Nick Wins forgot himself for a moment and kicked the ball out of bounds near his own goal when it probably would have rolled out by itself. Long Island won on corner kicks 6-5, and the New York players went gleefully sliding through the Okefenokee, as if they had not soiled their navy-blue uniforms enough in the match. "LIU is a good ball club," said the Michigan State coach, "but to win on corners you have to be lucky."

The rain let up a bit for the start of USF's semifinal match with Army, but

a dismal mist had descended to the rim of the stadium, threatening to envelop the players in fog as well as mud. And soon the rain returned, more torrential than ever. It was a sad match for West Point Coach Joe Palone. The Army right wing was his son, Mike, a junior and one of the finest ice-hockey players in the East. Twice in the third quarter Mike had beautiful, close-range shots at the goal. The first time he slipped in the muck and completely missed the ball. The second time he made contact with the ball, all right, but missed the goal by 10 feet. Another Army shot came much closer, hitting the crossbar and bouncing away. Hungarian Sándor Hites and Guatemalan Luis Sagastume made second-half goals to give the Dons a 2-0 victory, their third straight in the wet. Mike Ivanow had another shutout.

That night seven college soccer coaches attending the tournament picked USF to win the title on Saturday, but at least one Army player disagreed. "LIU's going to win," he said. "No doubt about it. LIU's going to be national champs. They won't miss scoring opportunities like we did today."

The weatherman predicted more rain through the weekend, but when USF Halfback Jerry Katzeff woke up from a good night's sleep (his dog was on his bed), the Saturday sky outside his window was bright and clear. The weather stayed cool and dry all day, but the two teams still wallowed around in the mud. On the scoreboards the same size letters were used for LIU and USF.

Blackbird Coach Joe Machnik had his men using the same strategy as against Michigan State—suck the opponents down into your territory and then try to get a long pass out to a fast man who can catch the goalie all alone, as in basketball's fast break. At least twice it almost worked for LIU. Marcello Launi had the best chance, with only the goalie in front of him, but his kick was wide to the right. Sándor Hites scored first for USF, dribbling cleverly past two men and gently pushing the ball into the left corner of the net. Hites also set up the second Don goal with a fine pass to Randolph Dekkers, the Dutchman, and scored again himself to give San Francisco a 3-0 lead.

Ivanow made a rare error in the second quarter. He usually is an expert at coming far from his station without cost, but this time he was faked out and Launi got in behind him and could not have missed with a blindfold on. USF led at the half 3-1. LIU brought it to 3-2 when Launi again got behind Ivanow, but Hites and Leihar Ospanider put the game away, 5-2, with goals in the third period. USF's five goals were the most scored in the NCAA finals since 1959. Hites, who was playing with a sore right knee, was named the outstanding forward, and LIU's Reinhold Jabusch was named the outstanding defender.

Jabusch, Launi, Dov Markus, Tru-monteczi, Come to think of it, LIU wouldn't make a bad Christmas card either.

THE CHAMPIONS GET AFTER IT

In the current lingo of El Paso that means the Texas Western Miners are hustling in order to retain their NCAA title. They might, too—they have a stronger team than last year's to get after it with

by FRANK DEFORD



Chubby Don Haskins is a tough taskmaster

The popular country-music strains came whining out of the El Paso jukebox, asking the musical question *After I'm Number One, Where Do I Go?* In the old days, before ratings and opinion polls, before Top Forties and the general mania for ranking everything, Number One in this context meant, say, "Sweetheart" or "Darling" or maybe even "Honeybunch." The team that won a national championship was called, simply, the national champion. But this is Texas, where all the No. 1 foolishness may have started, and in El Paso the champion Texas Western team is usually referred to as No. 1, as if it never really played Kentucky last season but just outpolled it.

Of course, Texas Western—shortly to be known as the University of Texas at El Paso, or UTEP—gave El Paso its first national title, and the town is well aware of what can happen to *any* No. 1. So much does the sun shine on El Paso, the No. 1 Sun City, that there is a suspicion it was invented here or, at least, the town has a lien on it. There is, too, old E.P. & S.W. No. 1, the "train that settled the West," resting on campus. The Smithsonian Institution is trying to take it away, so a campaign is on to "Save No. 1." This is often billed "El Paso vs. Smithsonian Institute." In the case of many U.S. citizens, the answer to the song—after you're number one, where do you go?—is that you go to El Paso, because El Paso is the gateway to Ciudad Juárez, Mexico. The prospective divorcees pile in by the placeloud. Little

knots of anxious women gather in the motels or wander across the border together to soak up the Latin atmosphere, trying their very best to look casual when they say, "Una whiskey sour, por favor."

Still, the top act in town consists of Coach Don Haskins and the University of Texas at El Paso Miners—hereinafter called the Miners, or, in desperation, UTEP. Only two regulars are gone from last year's team—Harry Flournoy and Orsten Artus—and if it were not for the presence of Lew Alcindor at UCLA the Miners would unquestionably be favored to defend their title. The team is made up of some of the most composed, determined young athletes anywhere. "Just another game," David (Daddy D) Lattin, the team's center, said coolly after the Miners beat Kentucky. Now, however, Haskins calls them "swellheaded," berates himself for a poor coaching job, and the players themselves agree that they are not working well together. Besides, the team has been hit by a flock of injuries. All-America Bobby Joe Hill, with a sprained ankle and a charity horse—"Lattin gave me that one"—could not even play in the opener last week. Willie Cager also has a sprained ankle, little 5 foot 6½ Willie Worsley has a bad back and Nevil (Shadow) Shed has a bruised hip. So the national champions started their defense last Thursday against the Sam Houston Bearkats by going scoreless for almost three minutes. It was all of nine minutes before they caught up to the Bearkats. They were

ahead only 51-45 with nine minutes to go. Then they wore down the visitors and won 78-54. On the bench, Haskins growled and grumbled at his team's sloppiness display. When Sophomore Center Phil Harris took a hook shot near the end of the game, Haskins rose and bellowed, "You wild man!" Moments later Harris pulled down his game-leading 13th rebound. There were only a few seconds left and, a bit confused, he tossed the ball widdly downcourt. It bounced directly toward Haskins, who stormed onto the court and took the pass well in bounds. While the startled officials looked on—the ball was technically still in play—Haskins just cradled it and screamed a few more epithets at poor Harris. The crowd was laughing too hard to hear them. On the bench, the Texas Western players were gleefully squinting each other's faces with the water squeeze bottle.

The relationship between Haskins and his players is a sort of uneasy truce. On the court, his sarcasm is steady and strong—"you must have had a nightmare last night, Shed, to have dreamed that one up." Off court, he not only shepherds his players solicitously, but is so free with his praise that at times it would seem saccharine, except that he is so obviously sincere. The players respect Haskins and their affection for him is based on understanding. "They told me when I first got here," Shed says, "not to let him bother me, to start worrying when he stops yelling at me." Latta, whose glowering countenance conceals his brightness and who has grown into a most articulate college junior, is a bit more reserved than the others. "No, I don't like it at all for him to scream at me," he says. "It's driven a few guys away, too. But Jim Barnes [Texas Western's All-American in 1964] told me, just take it—it's the way he is and it won't be this way forever. But I don't like it. We have it out at the start of every season. Yes, already this year, too. I scream back at him, he tells me to get out for a couple of days and then I come back calmed down. Maybe some guys—Shed, maybe, or Cager—need that sort of prodding, but not me."

Latta and Haskins get along, however. "Nice," Daddy D said, fingering Haskins' suit before they went on the coach's TV show together last week. "Why, thank you, David," Haskins

said, pleased "as he should be" that any man wearing a yellow parsley tie and handkerchief and big red cuff links that shine all over, would compliment his clothes. "Sharkskin," Latta said. "Yeah?" Haskins asked, beaming. Latta nodded a simple assurance.

By everyone's admission, Haskins is worried about this—he is now much easier on his players than he used to be. Jim Paul, TW's assistant sports publicist, who played for Haskins when the coach first came to El Paso six years ago, remembers that he used to break out in a cold sweat, just waiting to go out for practice. But however testing Haskins chooses to be in his training methods, there is no argument anywhere about the fact that the results make him

a superior young coach. After the Miners beat a fine small-college team from Abilene Christian 85-46 last Saturday night for their second win of the season, Haskins' record stood at 110-26.

At first Haskins was admired mostly for his discipline. He stresses defense and a calm, controlled offense, and he has inculcated these tenets into young men whose basketball experience was gained mostly on school playgrounds, where the game is run-and-shoot and the defense is elbows.

But Haskins is more than the strong-armed, loud-voiced Marine drill instructor. Sometimes, as he stands on the practice court, his belly dipping out over his gray Bermudas—so that he looks, he says, like "two sticks in an apple"—

continued



TW's star in the opening game, Willie Cager, takes defender out of position before taking shot.

he even whispers an "attaboy" at a player. He is a superb teacher, a determined winner who has complete trust in his theories. They also work. "You've got to have some rules," he said recently. "I don't care whether they're good or not, but you've got to have something to guide you. I'll tell you what. Nobody on my team bounce-passes. If you have to bounce it to get it to someone, you've got no business passing it. And it seems to me that if you can pass it, if the other guy is open, well, there's no reason to bounce it. Now, maybe that's wrong, but that's the way I feel. I wouldn't say I have a philosophy. But I know what I want, and I know how I want to play. I coach the same way I did when I started in high school in Benjamin, Texas. It never mattered where I was, the size of the school. I worked the same. The district championship then meant as much as the national title." He looked around and thought a moment. "I'll tell you what," he said. "You can only want to win so bad."

Haskins hardly sleeps after TW's big games, but he did not sleep after the big games in Benjamin either. "It's not about like all pleasure," is the way he puts it. He stops working only to con-

centrate on worrying, for which he has a natural facility. Flournoy, who started during the past three seasons and who is still in school finishing up his work for a degree, dropped by the morning of the first game last week to see his old coach. Haskins was momentarily elated, then fell into a depression. "Damn, I hate to lose Harry," he muttered later, lighting another cigarette. "Now I wish he hadn't dropped by. It just reminded me how much we'll miss him. You knew when it went on the board that at least you had one to get after it." Deciphered, the last comment means that whenever a shot went up Haskins could depend on one man. Flournoy, to rebound Haskins always says "at" for ball, as in, "We don't shoot it real well," or, "When he was a sophomore, I wouldn't let Bobby Joe do much with it, and he was never right. So last year I even let him put it back here a little. Worsley, too. And I'll tell you what. Cager can put it, too." He can? "You bet." "Put it" means to dribble the ball behind the back. "Get after it" meant, originally, just to rebound. It has come to mean a general hustle and shaping up, and the players favor the expression as much as their coach does.

But they do not agree with him that success has gone to their heads. "No," Latta says, "this team was too used to winning to let it change us." All the Miners simply think that they must get after it more. The other obsession that they share with their coach is a concern with maintaining poise. The players attribute nearly every reaction in a game or off the court to poise or the absence thereof. When Shed and Harris got into a little fight the day before the season began, it was all chalked up to a momentary loss of poise. ("You two hardheads!" Haskins also inserted at the time. "Neither one of you knows how to fight, anyway.") When Harris threw the errant pass to his coach, he hastened to explain that it was *not* caused by a lack of poise, but that the ball had slipped off his hand. Harris, who is known as The Silver Spoon, lost the little finger on his right hand and the ring finger on his left hand when he was 5 years old in an escalator accident in a department store in Manhattan. He makes up for the handicap with a hustle that is uncommon in big men. Most of the players have modest-to-poor backgrounds, and they appreciate what basketball has done for them. "My mother would break my neck," Shed says, "if I didn't finish college after I have come this far." Still, none of them were exactly Merit Scholars in high school, though Haskins maintains that Hill has an IQ of 130 and is just a lazy student. Predictably, both the school and the players have been the subject of innuendo, much of it inspired by the fact that the seven top Miners last year were Negroes, many from outside Texas. Allegations are invariably tossed at independent schools that achieve athletic success. Indeed, from the very first time that it snared a sought-after athlete, Jim (Bad News) Barnes, Texas Western has been on the defensive. It was investigated at that time, in 1962, by the NCAA and completely exonerated. Despite all the rumors that have followed, no evidence has ever been forthcoming that the school has illegally recruited a boy or kept him eligible when he was not making his grades. "We don't cheat, I'll tell you that," Athletic Director George McCarty says firmly but a bit wearily. In El Paso they are all used to the subject now.

Texas Western's current physical expansion is matched by its improvement in academic standards, though both

Daddy D Latta: the team's flashiest dresser and rebounder: broadcasts from the Soul Room

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have come after a long period of foot-dragging. El Paso may be the only town in the world that saw fit to build a streetcar line before a schoolhouse was constructed. TW opened its doors back in 1914 as a two-year school of mines and metallurgy and did not become a four-year liberal arts school until 1931. Its greatest progress has been made under President Joseph Ray, whose tenure dates from 1960. The university was carefully examined by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools last year and given a rating of "highly favorable." Dr. Ray's popular leadership was even more highly praised.

The president is a sports enthusiast. Under his aegis, McCarty—a former basketball coach and dean of men—has taken the Miners into the athletic big time. Haskins has never forgotten that Dr. Ray showed up at the airport at 6:30 in the morning six years ago when the new coach took the team off for his first college game. Dr. Ray keeps a basketball autographed by the champions in the most prominent spot in his office, and he wears an NCAA championship watch. But he is under no illusion that basketball success can be equated with academic achievement. "We won national notice last year," Dr. Ray says, "but I cannot call that national recognition. We want all elements of this institution to succeed, and it is obvious that high quality in athletics is more readily attainable."

This TW team may be even better than last year's. After its sluggish performance against Sam Houston, it began by missing 12 of the first 13 shots against Abilene Christian. Then the Miners settled down and put on a magnificent show against a team that had been beaten by only nine points by powerful New Mexico two nights before. The Miners appear to have more depth than last year. Besides Harris, two local boys—junior David Palacio and sophomore Kenny John—are a big help. Palacio, who hardly played at all last year, replaced Hall in the opener and scored 13. Worsley had 13, too. Cager, however, was the best player on the floor that night. Against Abilene Christian, on the other hand, he failed even to score. Shed played well both nights. He hangs around a place up on Mesa Street that dispenses malts in 31 flavors, and he vows that he has tried them all. But he is still as skinny as ever—6 feet 8 and

185. And Daddy D is as awesome as ever—6 feet 7 and 240. His performances, however, continue to be erratic. He got only eight points against Sam Houston, then followed with 18 against Abilene Christian. Perhaps the clothes helped. After the second game he appeared in an outfit that was all green from head to ankle. So much green has not been seen since chlorophyll was in all the toothpaste. "Why not green socks?" someone asked. "Black shoes," Lattin snapped.

His personal development is a striking tribute to the school and to his own efforts. Three years ago, after getting kicked out of Tennessee State, he called up Haskins and asked if he could come to Texas Western. He was a tough guy who could hardly communicate. Haskins told him to come on out if he thought he could qualify, but says that he never figured Lattin would take him up on it. Soon after Lattin arrived, a speech teacher took a liking to him, forced him to make speeches in class, and slowly Lattin began to gain confidence off the court. He started to major in radio and TV and, happily, found something to stimulate him besides basketball.

He is now a junior (though eligible for the pro draft this spring), is a B student and disc jockey of a jazz program—*Daddy D's Soul Session*—that is a big favorite not only on campus but in town and out at Fort Bliss. Daddy D moves in on the mike and welcomes listeners to the Soul Room and to music that is for "You, you and I do mean you." The progressive, modern sounds flow for three hours three times a week.

"He plays that jazz all the time," Harris says, ruefully. The Silver Spoon, who has his own daily radio sports report, roomed with Lattin earlier this year, but the matchup never had a chance. Harris cannot tolerate jazz; he prefers the rock. Besides the music conflict, Lattin, who drives a Riviera, kept calling Harris' Super Sport a "tank." That was the end. They live alone, happily, now. Shed also lives by himself. Worsley and Cager together. Bobby Joe is the only married starter, and he is a new father, too. Michelle Denise is 8 weeks old.

These are all young men growing into responsibility now, if only because they are No. 1. Nevil Shed's mother should break all of their necks if they do not get after it off the court as well and graduate from old UTEP.

END

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31

Few Toronto hockey players really like their coach, but most Maple Leafs grant him more than grudging admiration **by PETE AXTHELM**

YOU TAKE THE PUNCH OR QUIT

Every man reacts a little bit differently to the grim routine of a Toronto Maple Leaf hockey practice. The older ones skate evenly, lips pressed tightly together and eyes fixed on the ice. The younger ones may yell at one another or curse quietly at no one in particular as they gather the energy for another rush across the rink. George (Punch) Imlach, the bald, 48-year-old coach, stands near the blue line, in the middle of the action, with one hand in his pocket and the other holding a whistle. His crisp voice echoes through the empty Maple Leaf Gardens, goading his players to work longer and harder than any others in the National Hockey League. "That's it," he yells when a few men battle unusually hard for a loose puck. "I want you guys to get mad."

And many of the Maple Leafs do get mad—at each other, at the teams they are preparing to face and, often, at their coach. Few Toronto players will tell you that they like Punch Imlach. They say



they "respect him" or "understand him" or "get used to him." Some have even said that they disliked him and thought he was hurting the club—but the ones who said those things in public are no longer playing hockey in Toronto. Those who remain have learned to keep quiet and concentrate on hockey. And in the seven years since the energetic, intense Imlach took over a last-place team in midseason and drove it into the Stanley Cup finals, his players have done well enough to make him one of the most successful men in the game.

That is all Imlach demands. "I don't give a damn if each player likes me personally, as long as he's loyal to the club and does his best," he says. "In fact, I try to avoid getting too close to the players. After all, I'm the general manager, so I've got to talk salary with them, too."

Imlach's history of tough and intransigent salary negotiations has made it very clear that he is not worried about being liked. Bobby Baun played on the broken leg to help the Leafs win the final game of the playoffs two years ago; a year later Imlach refused to grant his salary demands and Baun was a better hold-out. Eddie Shack, an eight-year major-leaguer, scored 26 goals last season while earning a modest \$13,500. This past summer he wheeled a \$5,000 increase out of Punch—and Imlach took the first opportunity he found to order Shack to the Leafs' Rochester farm club for the training season.

Each year Imlach stares across his desk at the men whose ability he must depend on for his own livelihood, and calmly denies most of their requests. He guards the club's money as if it were his own. Part of it is, for Punch insists on owning a share in every club he operates, to help preserve his fierce independence from all outside interests, including owners. "But my share is so small that it's unimportant in any negotiations," he says. What is important is Imlach's almost religious concept of the one correct way to run a hockey team. "I decide what's right for each man," he says, "and I stick to it. Sure, I could be on the spot if we lose while a guy like Mahovlich is holding out. But once I start giving in to players, I run all kinds of risks."

The advantages of being a Maple Leaf include playing in a city that supports its local heroes devotedly and cutting up a payroll that is, after all the arguments subside, one of the highest in the Na-

tional Hockey League. But the main compensation is winning, and Punch Imlach has shown that he is very good at that.

His feats in the 1958-59 season are legendary in Toronto. He came to the floundering club as general manager, and fired its coach within a month. Taking over himself, he immediately began claiming that his last-place team would make the playoffs. With a furious drive in the last two weeks of the season, the Leafs did—and then went on to upset the Boston Bruins in the semifinal round and fight the mighty Montreal Canadiens through five games before losing the finals.

The Leafs won the Stanley Cup in 1962 and repeated for two more years, making Imlach the only combined general manager-coach ever to win three straight cups. The team that finished fifth and sixth in the last two pre-Imlach years hasn't missed the playoffs during his eight-year tenure and certainly doesn't appear likely to miss them this season. When he first made himself coach, Imlach was almost unknown—he had never played or coached in the NHL—and even a little reluctant. "I took over while I was looking for someone else for the job," he says, "but things went so well that I stayed. The players said they wanted me—and I never let them forget that now, by the way." He has survived repeated suggestions that player discontent would force him out of his job, and he now runs his tight regime with the added power that a four-year contract brings.

Imlach spells out what he calls his "formula" as if he were reading from Norman Vincent Peale, whose positive-thinking creed has sometimes been distributed as a textbook to Toronto players. Hard work. Complete control of the club. Positive thinking. Loyalty. "Technical ability," adds Punch. "It's only about the fifth most important thing. Good physical and mental shape can make up for a lot of technical deficiencies." It all sounds very simple, but the formula is more complex than it appears—and so is the man who preaches it.

The cold, tough martinet who sometimes alienates his players can also be friendly, entertaining and surprisingly sensitive. He can cajole his men as well as intimidate them. He praises players as often as he criticizes them. "I never knock a man and then leave him down," he says. "I may tell a guy he's a bum

during salary talks or when he plays badly. But then I've got to come back and convince him that he's the best bum in all of hockey."

"Every coach may try to use psychology on his players," says George Armstrong, the Toronto captain. "But what Punch does is really amazing. It's almost impossible to sustain a mood or spirit over a 70-game season, but somehow he did it in the 1958-59 season—and he's come pretty close to doing it ever since. Anybody can get a bunch of kids excited for a few games. Look at what Ralph Houk did to the Yankees this year. But they faded back. Punch has never given us a chance to settle back. He knows how to keep us keyed up—and he's always varying his approach."

While Imlach's psychological approach varies, his commitment to hard work remains immutable. Most teams go through four weeks of training camp, practicing once a day, before the NHL season; the Maple Leafs practice twice a day for five weeks. On most clubs an occasional day off during the season is taken for granted; on the Leafs it is a rare gift. "I know some guys find it awfully hard," Imlach says. "Especially ones who come from other teams like Detroit, where Sid Abel doesn't believe in working them too much. I know that some are going to complain, but there's nothing I can do for them. This is the way I believe in doing things."

Goalie Terry Sawchuk, who did come from Detroit, says, "It was very hard at first. But you just have to get used to it. Then you realize that Punch is doing a lot for you."

Center Red Kelly's approval is slightly more qualified. "I agree with him that hard work is important," says Red. "But I also believe that a man can drive himself. And if you drive yourself, you know just what's good for you and when to stop." If Imlach has sometimes pushed Kelly beyond the point where Red thought he should have stopped, it has apparently brought results. Kelly came to Toronto in 1960 as a once-great defenseman who appeared to be fading. Imlach switched him to center, a position that requires more speed, and Kelly suddenly and incredibly found new life.

The Kelly trade helped to build Imlach's reputation as hockey's shrewdest trader. For Kelly he gave up a defenseman named Marc Reaume, who played 47 games in two years at Detroit, never

continued

scored a goal and now labors in the Central Professional Hockey League. He got Allen Stanley for James Morrison, now a minor-leaguer, and added Gerry Eelman and Larry Regan during that same 1958-59 season, to form a trio that led the Leafs in their closing drive into the playoffs.

Imlach permits himself to gloat a little about his best deals, but he always points out that his trades are all dependent on another part of his formula. "Nobody second-guesses me around here," he says. "I make the decisions myself, and I take full responsibility. The owners of this club know that as soon as they want to make the decisions, all they have to do is fire me. I always remember what Conn Smythe the once told me: be sure to make your own mistakes."

Actually, Smythe's fatherly advice was given only after Imlach had revised the owner's entire way of thinking about the Toronto team. When Imlach arrived, Smythe was still employing a quaint system of instructing his coach during a game by a special phone to the bench. He told Imlach that he would be happy to offer advice between periods. "Let's do it my way," replied Punch. "I run the whole show, you watch it. As soon as you don't like it, just tell me to get the hell out."

Imlach is still running the whole show, and running it effectively. He gives orders and his team obeys. He tells them they can win and they do. But the element of loyalty, which Imlach claims is essential to his success, is not always apparent. The coach is cold and distant, his players are professionals doing a job. There is no love between them, but Imlach insists that there is another kind of bond. "They have to want to help the team, they have to be willing to give things up. Every winning team needs that feeling."

In order to encourage that feeling, Imlach himself adheres to a rigid code of loyalty. Last year, when the NHL expansion teams began looking for general managers, he received several lucrative offers. The Leafs were not going well and there were widespread rumors that Imlach would be wise to get out while he had a chance at a good job. "Sure, the deals were attractive," he recalls. "The Leaf owners came to me and asked me if I was going to leave. I told them they didn't have to worry about me as long as my contract had a year left on it.

I wouldn't break a contract for any amount of money. Once a coach starts doing something like that, what can he expect his players to do?"

Some critics claim that his fervent concept of loyalty has hurt Imlach during the last two years. The aging players who played a dominant role in the Leafs' Stanley Cup triumphs have slowed down considerably, and the Leafs have settled for relatively disappointing seasons. "Maybe I did hurt myself by sticking with the veterans," Punch admits. "But these are the guys who held the club together to win three cups. I feel I've got to show them I appreciate what they've done for me."

When he speaks of Armstrong, Kelly or the ageless Bower ("the most remarkable athlete in the world—he'd practice nine hours a day without complaining if you asked him to"), Imlach abandons the icy attitude he likes to maintain toward his men. But it always returns very quickly. "A player should want to keep training," he claims. "He should feel he owes it to his teammates. There should never be a need for curfew checks." Then he pauses and grins at the sentimental notions he is expressing. "Of course, I check up on them anyway. I believe in discipline as well as loyalty."

If Imlach can't force a man to become an effective part of his club, he simply gets rid of him—even if he is a star. Andy Bathgate, the ninth leading scorer in hockey history, helped Toronto to its most recent Stanley Cup in 1964 with several crucial goals. After one more year with the club, Bathgate told a reporter that Imlach was too hard on the team, that the brutal practice sessions hurt them. "Bathgate is a lazy hockey player," Imlach pronounced. "He doesn't fit in on my club." He traded him to Detroit for the scarred veteran Prosvetov, who may be less spectacular but who also says, "The only way I ever stayed in this game was by hard work."

The other major cause *célébre* of the Imlach regime, Carl Brewer, was far more important to the team than Bathgate. Brewer was one of the best defensemen in hockey when the 1964-65 season ended and, at 27, he was still at the peak of his career. But this tough, sometimes vicious player also happened to be an extremely sensitive, introspective individual—so sensitive that even the astute psychologist Imlach may have made some serious mistakes with him.

Brewer was confused and sullen when he reported to practice for the 1965-66 campaign. His friend Baum was a hold-out, and he himself was unhappy that Imlach wasn't treating him like the star he had become. During exhibition games he made a series of terrible passes onto opponents' sticks; several times opposing forwards took advantage of them to aim hard shots at Goalie Bower. Finally Bower reacted; he and Brewer had a loud argument in the locker room.

"I blew my top," Imlach says. "When I saw what was happening because of Brewer's sulking, I knew I had to do something." There was never much doubt about what he would do. Faced with a choice between the steadfast, reliable Bower and the quiet, unpredictable younger man whom he never really understood, Imlach backed up Bower. He assaulted Brewer with one of the colorful, oath-filled tirades for which he is famous—and Brewer broke down. He left the Toronto training camp and announced his retirement.

George Imlach began his own career as a promising center on a junior hockey team, but five years in the army—as a drill sergeant, naturally—took away his chance to make the major leagues. When he was discharged in 1945, the 27-year-old Imlach got a trial with the Red Wings. He arrived at camp at the same time as a 17-year-old prospect named Gordie Howe. "Both of us were assigned to their Omaha farm team," he recalls. "But Howe had his whole career ahead of him. I had just been married and I was broke. I also knew I was no Howe, and I had to be realistic about my chances. I went back to Quebec City and took an accountant's job."

In Quebec he became connected with a team called the Quebec Aces. Within 10 years he had been player, coach, general manager and even part owner of the consistently winning club. In 1956-57 he went to the Bruins' farm club in Springfield and the following year to Toronto.

As he began to remake the Leafs' entire farm system and lead his team to the playoffs, Imlach was alternately exuberant and unapproachable. He would gloat loudly when he won and fly into rages when things went badly. He can still show as much temper as anyone in hockey, but now he has also made an art of expressing his views and answering—or refusing to answer—questions.

Continued

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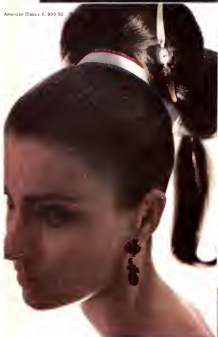
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Early this season the Leafs appeared to be off to another slow start. Mahovlich was unsigned, Bob Pulford and Boun were hurt and the remaining players had managed to lose and tie their first two games against the New York Rangers. Imlach sat in a small room next to the players' dressing room after a practice and stared menacingly at reporters. A brave soul asked about the three missing stars. "I don't know if they're good enough to make this team," Punch snapped. Someone else asked him why Johnny Bower had been granted a day off. "Because I'm getting soft and sentimental," he said. Before the session was over, he had insulted and infuriated several of the men who must earn a living asking him questions. Mumbling and cursing, the reporters filed out. Imlach called after them, "Come on downstairs and I'll buy you all a drink."

Two days later Mahovlich signed his contract. The men who had kept the dull vigil over the negotiations were finally rewarded. "How much did he get?" they asked.

"No comment."

"How long is the contract for?"

"No comment."

"Are you satisfied with the compromise you reached?"

"No comment."

There were five more questions, five more quick "no comment" replies. Then Punch looked up from his desk, his eyes wide and his face breaking into an innocent smile. "Is there anything else that you fellows would like to know about it?" he asked.

It has all become a kind of pleasant game for the man who would like everyone to believe that he is grim and uncompromising in everything he does. "I've learned to enjoy life," he once admitted. "I've got a good organization and a solid job. It would be pretty stupid of me if I didn't get some fun out of the whole thing. Sure, things will be tough at times and I'll get mad. But don't worry about us—no matter what goes wrong, I'll be in the playoffs."

"You know," he added, "people tell me I shouldn't keep saying, 'I, I, I,' when I talk about the team. It sounds bad. They say I should say 'we' or 'the club.' But I must admit I can't help it. I get so damn involved with what I'm trying to do, it feels like it's all my own private problem."

END

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REINDEER FIND A SANTA CLAUS



John Zumstein (below) is raising reindeer in Oregon. His horse sense may help save the diminishing herd and make Christmas a year-round event for Alaska's Eskimos *by VIRGINIA KRAFT*



One day last year at the peak—or depth—of an Alaskan winter, when all the world around him seemed like the insides of a giant freezer, a wiry, 30-year-old Eskimo named Johnson Stalker bundled his wife and young son into a homemade sled and started out on a 350-mile journey that began far above the Arctic Circle and then went south across Kotzebue Sound and the snow-bound Seward Peninsula to Nome. Also with him when he began were an uncle, a friend and 100 reindeer.

Stalker was beginning his role in Operation Reindeer, a project that may influence the economy and prosperity of the 49th state—and reinforce the spirit of Christmas everywhere. The project stems from three sources, an embarrassing government miscalculation almost a century ago, an act of Congress in the 1930s and an Oregonian named Zumstein, who spends a good part of his time dressed up like Santa Claus and who knows considerably more about reindeer than St. Nick ever dreamed of. Operation Reindeer represents an all-out effort to put Alaska's reindeer on a firm economic footing.

In the first week Stalker and his party ran headlong into a band of migrating caribou. The reindeer scattered, and when Stalker finally gathered his animals together again several dozen were missing, gone with the caribou. Gone, too, were Stalker's wife and child, who had raced off on their own chase after the fleeing reindeer.

A day passed before the family was reunited, and in that time Stalker had lost several more reindeer. A roving hunter had mistaken them for caribou, killing six and crippling four animals. Then, still in that first week of the journey, the ice suddenly parted over the black waters of a frozen bay to claim more of the diminishing herd and almost the sled and team.

Before Johnson Stalker and his surviving reindeer arrived at Nome two months later, there were other brushes with disaster and defeat, and more reindeer lost. Each incident was duly recorded for the U. S. Department of the Interior's Bureau of Indian Affairs, which had instigated Stalker's trip.

In northwest and west Alaska, an area

continued

larger than Texas, the reindeer is the major, if not the only, agricultural resource. A sound, scientifically run reindeer industry could eventually produce millions of dollars from the sale of meat, hides and byproducts.

The object of Stalker's arduous mid-winter trip was to help set up and then run Alaska's first model reindeer farm, an ambitious experiment without precedent. Stalker is working with the University of Alaska, the BIA, the Alaska Chamber of Commerce and various other agencies. On 500,000 acres of government-owned land six miles west of Nome, Stalker's job will be to adapt the latest animal-husbandry and stock-farming techniques to the raising of reindeer and to teach other young Eskimos the herding skills needed to make the animal ultimately as productive and profitable in Alaska as cattle and sheep are elsewhere in the U.S.

There were no reindeer at all in Alaska when Secretary of State William Seward bought the territory from the Russians 100 years ago. Although some, with an unerring sense of the cliché, did not fail to call the deal "Seward's folly," the purchase of almost 600,000 square miles of land for only \$7.2 million, even by the standards of a century ago, was a bargain. But it had a few obvious flaws, Alas-

ka's miserable climate, lack of transportation and communication facilities compounded the virtual nonexistence of trade and agriculture. The government might overlook some of these deficiencies but could not overlook the fact that along with polar bears and fur seals it had acquired more than 8,000 hungry Eskimos.

The problem of filling that many stomachs with something besides snow might have perplexed scientific minds, but it did not faze the government for long. Refusing to let facts inhibit its thinking, Washington decided that what the Eskimos needed were reindeer. One had only to look at Lapland to see the reasoning behind such a novel idea. In that country, where natives have herded the animals for at least 1,000 years, the reindeer is truly an all-purpose beast. If reindeer were good for Laplanders, the government reasoned, they would certainly be good for Eskimos.

There was a small weakness in this logic, which became apparent when some 500 reindeer were purchased from Lapland in the 1890s and herded by three young Lapps across the frozen Bering Strait to Alaska. Instead of swirling on the tundra in glee, the Eskimos took one look at the beasts, licked their chops and either slew the animals on the spot or stalked off numbingly disgustedly

in their blubber. Eskimos were hunters, not herders.

In 1914 Carl Lomen and his two brothers appeared upon the scene. The brothers Lomen recognized a good deal when they saw one and began buying reindeer from the Eskimos as fast as the government gave the animals away. In practically no time at all they owned the largest herd in the territory and employed Eskimos—hunters though they might be—to care for them. By the 1930s the herd had increased to 250,000. The Lomen family had a solid corner on the reindeer market and a meat-and-fur business that was making money faster than it could be banked. This was good for the Lomens, but a minor help to the Eskimos.

In September 1937 Congress passed a bill making it illegal for white men to own reindeer in Alaska. The territorial government then bought up the Lomens' reindeer for \$6.50 a head and started all over again trying to give them away to the Eskimos. The new generation was no more enthusiastic about the idea than its predecessors had been.

From time to time an atypical Eskimo gave herding a halfhearted try, but usually failed without the knowledge and direction of experienced managers like the Lomens. In the less than three decades since the Reindeer Act was passed, the U.S. Government has spent more than \$3 million on reindeer. Besides Stalker, this investment has produced only 14 active reindeer herders from an Eskimo population that has grown to 22,300.

"At that rate," says John Zumstein, "the government could have saved money by keeping those 15 Eskimos in The Waldorf-Astoria for life."

Reindeer have declined drastically during this period. There are now only about 40,000 reindeer left in Alaska. This figure varies depending upon the expert consulted, but whatever the actual count it is grotesquely low compared to the 600,000 animals of 30 years ago. If one considers that reindeer, when properly managed, normally double their numbers every three to five years, it is shocking.

So now Zumstein comes into the picture. Zumstein first started thinking about reindeer some 15 years ago, not in Alaska but, improbably, while vacationing in Los Angeles. The sight of crudely built paper-mâché reindeer at a Christmas pageant made him wonder why real

continued



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animals were not used instead. On his way home to Oregon, he inquired at the San Francisco and Seattle zoos, neither of which had reindeer. He was told that no zoo in the U.S. had reindeer, because they were northern animals which could not survive in warmer climates. When Zumstein suggested that polar bears were northern animals, too, the experts shrugged. This was not good enough for Zumstein, who had 40 years of livestock farming behind him.

He wrote for a permit to buy several reindeer for export outside Alaska, where the prohibitions of the Reindeer Act do not apply. Nothing happened for two years. Then a letter came advising him to be in Alaska for the government's annual fall roundup.

John Zumstein had never actually seen a live reindeer when he arrived, in September 1951, at the little Eskimo village of Golovin, some 75 miles from Nome. He knew almost nothing about the animals, nor, he discovered, did anyone else know much more. He nevertheless looked over the herd, picked out the fastest and the best-antlered and set about roping 10 of them. It was dark when he finished, so he tied them up for the night. By morning, five of the deer were dead.

Zumstein managed to get the remaining reindeer from Nome to Seattle by plane, but on the truck trip from the airport three more of the animals died. By the time he reached his home in Redmond all Zumstein had to show for an expedition that had cost him \$10,000 was two sick deer.

"Anyone with sense would have quit there," Zumstein says, "but my dad, who was a smart old Swiss, used to say the only time quitting made sense was when you weren't learning anything. Well, I'd sure learned one thing on that trip. Never tie up a wild animal. I figured it was an important enough lesson to warrant another \$10,000."

Zumstein decided to try again if the government would agree to build pens to hold his deer between capture and shipment. The next fall he collected 10 more deer. The holding pens worked, but five of the reindeer died during shipment. This was when Zumstein learned the second lesson. He was moving the animals at the wrong time of year. The best time was not in summer or fall, but at the height of winter, when the reindeer were strongest and most able to survive a jour-

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OREGON SANTA continued

ney. He learned, too, that the mature animals were not necessarily the best. Immature calves, or "short yearlings," traveled better than older ones and acclimatized faster.

On Zumstein's next trip he reached home without casualties. But his problems did not end there. He tried putting his reindeer to pasture and in a day found all of them violently ill and frothing at the mouth. Three died. "It broke my heart to see those deer die," Zumstein recalls, "but it bothered me even more not to know why. Three agricultural colleges analyzed the feed in that pasture before we learned that a certain moss on the juniper in this region is toxic to reindeer."

There were diseases and parasites to contend with, too, many of them unique to the species. By trial and error, Zumstein met and conquered one challenge after another. He installed footbaths to eliminate hoof infection, disinfected and rotated pastures, developed special dips and sprays against warbles (a plague reindeer are particularly susceptible to), eliminated worms, flies and other insects, and experimented endlessly with food supplements. His animals grew big and strong, but they did not reproduce.

"From my experience with livestock," Zumstein says, "I figured it had to be age, overbreeding or feed that was keeping us from getting calves. Well, they weren't too old, and they sure weren't overbreeding—we had more bulls than cows—so it had to be feed. I went back to Alaska, and this time I collected samples of all the natural feed up there; then I analyzed everything and matched it here as closely as I could."

"We began getting calves, all right," Zumstein adds, "but they all died of pneumonia. I kept asking myself why they would get pneumonia in Oregon when they didn't up North, where it was much colder. That was the answer. It was colder. The calves were being born in early morning. By afternoon here our hot sun melted the frost. The calves breathed that moisture in their lungs, and that was it. The problem was solved by switching the birthing cows to box stalls. Today we are calving 100% and raising them all, which is a lot better than they do in the wild."

Zumstein's reindeer, in fact, are bigger, healthier and better in every respect than those in the wild. Last year the U.S. Department of Commerce's Area Rede-

velopment Administration flew Zumstein to Nome to ask him why. For a week of open and closed sessions, Zumstein pulled no punches in telling everyone, from the commissioners on down, just what he thought of the way they were handling Alaska's reindeer and how he thought they should handle them in the future.

"I gave them both barrels," Zumstein says, "but they didn't pay my way up there to hear sweet talk. They kept trying to call me Doctor. I told them I'm no doctor, and I don't have any fancy degrees. I'm not looking for a job, and I'm no politician. I just have plain horse sense and a lot of curiosity. And in 14 years I've produced over 200 strong, healthy reindeer from my original 12 to prove I know what I'm talking about."

Zumstein has also proved that reindeer can be very lucrative. For the past several years Zumstein-trained animals have turned up at Christmastime all over the country pulling sleighs, ogling department-store crowds, making TV appearances and generally delighting one and all. Reindeer teams and displays, complete with Santa Claus (more often than not played by Zumstein himself, who gets even more fun out of this than out of twacking official tempers), bring \$10,000 to \$25,000 for a week's performance, \$1,000 an hour in parades.

"Economically the reindeer is the sleeping giant of the North," Zumstein says, his blue eyes flashing. "But it won't wake up by itself. You've got to do more than hold meetings. You've got to analyze the feed on various ranges, supplement the natural diet, put out mineral licks, grade the bulls and cull the old, unproductive ones, control insects that carry disease and parasites. I told the people in Alaska if they really wanted to learn about raising reindeer they should come to Oregon."

Zumstein was hardly home and unpacked when the head of the BIA's reindeer department and three of Alaska's best Eskimo herders arrived to study Zumstein's operation at Redmond. Perhaps the most interested student among them was Johnson Stalker, who began then and there making plans for his winter trek.

Whether or not Operation Reindeer eventually succeeds is still uncertain, but if it does, an Oregon Santa named John Zumstein deserves a good part of the credit.

END



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JUMPERS, KNICKERS AND WINTER'S PRETTIEST GIRLS

The blondes, the brunettes and the redhead on these pages are proof of a skiers' maxim: the best place to find good-looking girls from now till the Easter thaw is at a ski resort. These girls, skiers all, were photographed where they were discovered, at Snowmass, Colo. and Sun Valley, Idaho, wearing the new kind of lightweight yet practical gear the sport is developing around the world. The fashions are the best of the season from Norway, France, Italy, Germany and the U.S., all available here. Leading the international parade, Penny Street (facing page) wears a new American-made jumper at Sun Valley. It is tailored of a superstretch fabric that gives it the kind of fit stretch suits ought to have but seldom do. On the following pages stretch appears in other guises—knickers and a short jump suit from Norway, lemon-yellow pants from West Germany, a knicker suit from France. They prove another skiers' maxim—stretch has put more snap into skiing than anything since the rope tow.

WHERE TO BUY THE CLOTHES ON THESE PAGES

FACING PAGE: Penny Street wears jump suit by Roffe of Seattle. Her companion at right wears racing pants, also by Roffe. The jump suit is \$85 and the pants \$50 at Hoigaard's, Minneapolis; United Sporting Goods, Los Angeles; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. **FOLLOWING COLOR PAGE:** Ann Burrows' pullover by Sportism of Norway, imported by Isalm, is \$30 at Aidel's Pro Ski Shop, Denver; Ski 'n' Things, Pittsfield, Mass. Roddy Bishop's jump suit, designed by Michèle Rouze of France for White

Stag, is \$99 at Princeton Skate & Ski Chalet, New York City. **THIRD COLOR PAGE:** Kathy McKeany wears Maria Bognier-designed parka and pants imported from West Germany. The parka is \$74.50, and the matching stretch pants are \$50. Both are at Buchmayr's, New York City; Pete Lane's, Sun Valley, Idaho; Eli of Aspen, Aspen, Colo.; Sporthaus Westwood, Los Angeles. **FACING PAGE 35:** Renée Mantley's stretch jump suit is by Ljungberg of Norway, imported by Isalm. It is \$60 at Sonneborn's,

South Bend, Ind.; Troll Shop, Sugarbush, Vt. Her tights by Adler are \$4, and she wears Carrera goggles. **ON PAGE 35:** Carol Siegel's sweater and helmet are imported by Beconta from L'Alpina of Italy. The sweater is \$42.50, the helmet \$7 at Coddling-Wetzel, Reno, Oshman's, Houston, Russell Marina Chalet Ski Shop, Madison, Wis. Her knickers, imported from Ljungberg of Norway by Isalm, are \$25 at Coddling-Wetzel, Reno, Les Moore, Milwaukee. Her socks, imported by Beconta, are \$10.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GERT HANS







Season's new knicker suits are admirably suited to Ski-Doo tours of Aspen's high wilderness. Ann Barrows (far left) tops stretch knickers with Norwegian peltover. Reddy Bishop's knicker suit, designed by Michèle Rosier of France, is of dusty-pink stretch wool, has matching helmet.

Kathy McNamy (right) gets the snow scraped from her boots before beginning powder tour of Snowmass. Her West German parka of insulated Antron shows fine attention to tailoring that characterizes newest parkas. Shaped close to the body, it has side closing, mandarin collar.



At Sun Valley, Reslie Manley wears sking's newest short cut—a one-piece stretch jump suit from Norway over pink stretch tights and turtleneck, an outfit designed for comfortable spring touring. Her aviator style helmet is the last word in skier headgear.

Two stretch knickers like these, also from Norway, are another new ski short cut. Carol Siegel, photographed at the Sun Valley international team races, wears them with a sweater and helmet knit in a contemporary Italian black and white geometry and with black and white star studded knicker socks.



MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Sorry—no admittance.

In John Kenneth Galbraith's book, *The Affluent Society*, the noted economist says that the public relations man must re-build the image of the business executive as a man of artistic and intellectual stature. "A businessman who reads *BUSINESS WEEK*," he writes, "is lost to fame. One who reads Proust is marked for greatness."

Of course, we were disconsolate at the thought. We'd always believed that *BUSINESS WEEK*, with its informative facts and figures, its analyses of trends, its insights into people, products, and companies, was helping our readers become famous—at least as captains of industry. But Professor Galbraith may be right. There aren't many busts in the Hall of Fame marked "Chairman of the Board," or "President," or "Successful Executive." And that's the kind of "fame" we specialize in.

Of course, we could always get this fellow Proust to write for us. Maybe do an article on computer memory banks—call it *Remembrance of Things Past*. Will that help, Professor?

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL / Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C.

The true meaning of the game

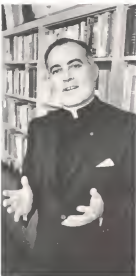
Father Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame, prepared this statement of his philosophy of football for an undergraduate magazine, The Scholastic, where it appears this week. In earlier articles for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, he defended the proposition that academic and athletic excellence are compatible. Now, with the U.S. still squawking over the tie game with Michigan State, Father Hesburgh warns of the dangers of prolonged seasons and the "increasing orgy" of bowl games.

Another football season has passed, another great and even fantastic one, thanks to Ara Parseghian, his staff and his stalwart warriors, who practiced hard, played hard against the best and solidified a proud Notre Dame tradition of doing everything with style, spirit and excellence.

A football season is a lot like life in microcosm. The season begins with warm and sunny days filled with optimism and hope. As the season progresses, the sunshine wanes, the warmth diminishes, and optimistic hope is qualified by the hard, lifelike realities of fierce competition, unexpected injuries and the innate difficulty of sustained human effort. The days grow colder, the rains come and optimistic vision becomes more realistic. It is always easier to declare the top position in anything than to reach it. While hope perdures, ultimate victory is again a fickle lady, ever to be wooed with all one's might, but never in this life to be securely or forever won. Each week is a new encounter; each season a new challenge. Life is like that, too, because it is spent in time, amid all the vicissitudes of personal trials and existential difficulties. Anyone who thinks otherwise lives in a dream world, where reality has been entirely replaced by fantasy. But a football season, like life, is authentic and real, as well as somewhat fantastic.

So another football season passes, with all its very real excitement, effort, hope, youthful optimism and ultimate success, the national championship. You have lived with it and through it. The cheers all fade away into the dusk. The

tissue-draped trees and lawns are cleaned up again for the last time. We return to the real and hard world of books, quizzes and work yet to be done before the Christmas vacation begins. The stadium, stark and silent, is etched against a gray, wintry sky. Close by, the li-



FATHER HESBURGH TALKS IN HIS OFFICE

brary beckons with its myriad lights.

Was it all worthwhile, in this time and in this place? I think so, if we see the deeper meaning of it all. Reality is enriched by fantasy, if fantasy is allowed to illuminate reality, but not to engulf it. In another age, as harsh as our own, there were jousts and jesters, tournaments and trials of skill and strength to lighten the harshness and illumine the lessons of life. A football season has all the same qualities for our day. Life would be dull indeed without these interludes which, in their own mid-20th-century American way, can explain life to us, make it more deeply understandable and, therefore, livable.

I say all of this in the face of those who, in a seemingly superior intellectual fashion, depreciate, denigrate and deplore the football season in our land. Collision on the gridiron is still better, I believe, than violence in the streets. Both have their own relationship to equality of opportunity in the United States, one positive and one negative.

I would hope that in the larger university community in the United States we might see the football season, with all its appeal to young and old alike, in the perspective of a larger meaning of learning, and education, and life. The football season can, of course, be overdone, wrenched out of all perspective, so that even the fantastic becomes the phantasmagoric, as is done by prolonging the season unduly, indulging in an increasing orgy of bowl games, the psychedelic dreammakers of collegiate football.

Kept within proper bounds of time, place and emphasis, I believe strongly that the football season is indeed worthwhile. The noise is ephemeral and does die away. The display, the spectacle, the color, the excitement linger only in memory. But the spirit, the will to excel and the will to win perdure. These human qualities are larger and much more important than the passing events that occasion them, just as the ebb and flow of all our daily efforts add up to something greater and more enduring if they create within each one of us a person who grows, who understands, who really lives, who does not merely survive, but who prevails for a larger, more meaningful victory in time and, hopefully, in eternity as well.

END



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Christian Dior

The incredulous expression on British Actor Terry-Thomas' face as he considers American Actress Carroll Baker's bowling (below) says virtually all there is to say about the cricket match in Santa Monica last week, though it might be nice to add that it was for a good cause. "It was just a mess," said a London *Daily Express* correspondent of the match he helped organize between an all-star cricket team (alias Jack Hanson's Daisy Softball Team) and Los Angeles Corinthian Cricket Club. The mess, which the All-Stars won because the Corinthian Cricket Club let them win, did raise some \$3,500 for the Aberlan, Wales disaster fund, but Richard Harris, Milos Form, Joan Collins and Stuart Whitman, among others, did not do much toward converting the California masses to cricket. Joan Collins bowled first to the Corinthians. Everybody laughed. Richard Harris, who, being English, ought to have managed better, fell on his own wicket. Milos Form was not allowed to use his baseball bat, and Carroll Baker was not allowed to bat at all. "I practiced this morning," she said, "but they didn't let me bat in the game. I think they thought

nothing would come of it," she added slyly. Spectator James Mason summed it all up when someone asked whether he had enjoyed the game, and he answered, "What a silly question. It was not a game at all, it was just fun." So it was, and anyway, in these circumstances, not the play but the money's the thing.

The Kentucky Derby is still rather a way off, and owners and trainers do not even know what horses will be running. Nevertheless, Dame Sybil Leek may know what horse is going to win, because Dame Sybil is a witch. She has been in the witch game since 1939, and commanded 800 properly initiated witches and 8,000 informal followers in England until she came to the United States two years ago. Now, she says, "I am the major liaison for all the witches in the world." The major liaison for all the witches in the world has become increasingly interested in horse racing, and she plans to focus her psychic powers on the Derby this coming year. To all ye of little faith she points out tartly, "A few years ago I executed one of my lesser-known feats of witchcraft at Ascot. I picked six out of six races."

He looked like a bad guy. He was bearded, eminently clad in black levis and boots, a black jacket and German army helmet complete with swastika, and he carried a sawed-off shotgun. Then he blew the whole thing—he winced when he gunned down three cops. Ex-light-heavyweight Champ Willie Pastrano was making his first movie, an epic to be called *Wild Rebel*, and he was confident at the outset. "I've always been an actor," he said cheerfully. "Look at all the years I fooled the public into thinking I was a fighter." But not a gun-fighter, it seems. Willie had a rough time with that sawed-off shotgun, and finally he asked plaintively, "Couldn't I just kinda punch them in the nose?" "No," came the heartless answer. "Because if you hit them they might not fall down."

Meanwhile, in Spain, another earnest soul was having trouble turning in a tough enough performance. At the Court of Montez's bull ranch in Salamanca, 22-year-old Maria Beatrice di Savoia, princess of Italy, was fighting a "small but spirited" heifer. The princess, on horseback, helped separate the heifer from the herd with a pica and dismounted to face it with cape and muleta. Her performance in the ring was tactfully described as "sprightly," but it was difficult to find a dignified way to report that later, attempting to take a victory drink from a water-skin, she squirted wine all over her forehead and that, still later, she was thrown from a burro to sprawl unregally in the Spanish dust. A good game girl, Princess Maria Beatrice, but she may be retired to the ballroom.

Displaying good form and an excellent mustache, French Film Star Jean-Paul Belmondo (right) led an amateur soccer team to a glorious 1-1 tie last week—that is, if a goal can be said to lead and a 1-1 tie can be said to be glorious. Belmondo, whose athletic pursuits include boxing and climbing up the faces of

Paris buildings, and Runner Michel Jazy were the most famous members of the Polymuscles, a team of actors and athletes that played a team of ex-pro soccer players in Carpentras, France. It was an honestly fought match in which Goalkeeper Belmondo distinguished himself with half a dozen spectacular saves, three of them belly-whopping dives worthy of any pro. "I have never seen a more courageous goalie or a pepper team," former pro star Roger Panton was heard to say afterward of the Polymuscles, and if the pronouncement seems long on courtesy and short on specifics about the Polymuscles' ability, still their opponents were ex-pros, led by the probable future coach of the French national soccer team. As for Michel Jazy, while Belmondo was defending the goal with a fine disregard for his stock in trade, the Belmondo face, Jazy was apparently playing the other 10 positions. "One minute he was helping Belmondo protect the goal," a Carpentras man observed, "and the next he was attacking the net. It was hard to say," the man mused, "just what position he was playing." Well, Jazy is a runner, and apparently he was running.



A large, close-up photograph of a woman with blonde hair and green eyes, looking thoughtfully at the camera. She is holding a coupe glass filled with a light-colored, frothy cocktail. She is wearing a white patterned top with a dark collar.

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It happens in the best of families

Since bridge is a partnership game, you would think that the best pairs would be composed of equal partners. Among the most successful of the top-flight pairs, however, it is usually noticed that one of the partners is more equal than the other. Should a reversal of the pecking order occur, the result

can be devastating to the partnership.

For example, when Benito Garozzo first appeared on the Italian Blue Team in 1961, he was thought of merely as the new partner of the great Forquet. Today Garozzo is considered at least Forquet's equal and, on the basis of performance in the last two World Championships, perhaps the better of the two. I believe that this demotion in public esteem has had a decided effect upon Forquet—a proud man who always smiled disarmingly when he called himself the world's greatest player but who meant what he said nevertheless.

Inequality in a partnership is not necessarily the result of superior skill; it may hinge entirely upon public recognition. Take the case of Fritz Gordon and Rixi Markus, conceded to be Europe's finest women's pair and perhaps the best in the world. Both were originally Viennese, although they did not form their highly successful partnership until they came to Britain. Judged purely by technique there would be little to choose

between them, though in the close-knit coterie of experts Fritz may have a few more partisans than Rixi. But the mercurial, colorful, boldly dashing Mrs. Markus is far better known. I have no doubt that this is one of the reasons why this partnership has broken up for long periods from time to time—always reuniting when each discovers that she does not seem to be able to gain the same measure of success playing with anyone else.

Their most recent reunion came in Warsaw, after a separation of two years following their triumph as members of the British team in the 1964 World Bridge Olympiad. As before, the reunion was celebrated with a victory, for Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Markus helped Britain win the Women's Team title in the 1966 European Championship.

Here is a deal from Warsaw in which Mrs. Gordon demonstrated the art of guessing right to help Great Britain defeat Italy. Test your own ability by covering the East-West cards.



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Number value
vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH

♠ A K 10 4
♥ 5 3
♦ 10 8
♣ K J 10 6 5

WEST

♠ J 6 3 2
♥ K J 5 4
♦ Q 6 4
♣ K 8

EAST

♠ 9
♥ 10 9 7 2
♦ A K 9 7 5
♣ Q 9 7

SOUTH

♠ Q J 8 7 5
♥ A Q 6
♦ J 3 2
♣ A 3 2

NORTH (Mrs. Gordon)	EAST (Mrs. Gordon)	SOUTH (Mrs. Gordon)	WEST
3 ♠	1 ♠	1 ♠	2 ♠
2 ♠	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
2 ♠	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 4 of diamonds

East won the first trick with the king of diamonds and continued with the ace, on which Mrs. Gordon dropped the jack and West played the queen—presumably a suit-preference signal asking for a heart switch. East duly led the 2 of hearts, and declarer had little choice but to finesse the queen, losing to the king. Mrs. Gordon now was faced with the need to win the rest of the tricks.

West returned the 6 of diamonds, ruffed in dummy. Success involves, as you can see, not only locating the queen of clubs but also picking up West's jack of spades. Mrs. Gordon had no difficulty. She cashed dummy's ace of spades, entered her hand with the ace of hearts, successfully finessed dummy's 10 of spades and cashed the spade king. East's hand could be counted for a very probable 1-4-5-3 distribution, so the odds were 3 to 2 that she held the club queen. Declarer led dummy's jack of clubs and let it ride. When this won, she entered her hand with the club ace, drew West's last trump and ran the clubs for the rest of the tricks.

Why did Mrs. Gordon make the hand when the South player in the same contract at the other table went down three tricks? The answer lay in her play of the diamond jack on the second round of that suit. For all West knew, a third round of diamonds would give declarer a ruff in one hand and a discard in the other, whereas a heart exit was perfectly safe. Why should West make such a foolish play unless she was trying to develop a trump trick? Though West was Italian, Mrs. Gordon looked with suspicion upon her Greek gift.

END



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BOATING / *Hugh Whall*

Three was just one too many

Harold Eis worked hard to get a third World Outboard Championship, but an outsider, blessed with luck and three engines, took it away

I f hard work, forethought and careful preparation could always be counted on to breed victory, Harold Eis would have been a cinch to win the third annual World Outboard Championships at Lake Havasu. Defending champion Eis, an automobile-parts dealer from Kansas, believes in taking care—particularly of his boat *Sally Cow*, a lightweight two-hulled outboard powered by twin 110-hp Mercury motors. Days before most of his competition had even arrived at the Arizona lake where the championships were to be held, Harold was there, spade in hand, digging himself a makeshift dry dock in the hard shale of the lakeshore.

Eis wanted to win this race. He wanted

the four-foot trophy offered by the McCulloch company, manufacturers of chain saws and outboard motors, to the first man who could win the race three times, and he wanted the \$8,100 in cash that would go to the top boat. That is big money in outboarding.

Unlike hydroplane racing or offshore powerboating, outboarding is a relatively inexpensive sport and the prizes it offers are relatively small. The \$25,000 overall purse in the Havasu championship makes it the richest of all outboard races, and its prizes can be won by engines and hulls that are far cheaper than those contesting for inboard honors.

Although many of the boats at Havasu bore about as much relationship to



THE WINNING BOAT (TOP RIGHT) ROARS AROUND A TIGHT TURN WELL BACK IN THE PACK

Junior's little runabout as Ben Hur's racing chariot did to the surly with the fringe on top, outboard racing still enjoys an identification with the man (or woman) who owns a boat and motor for weekend fun. As a result, the fields in outboard races tend to be far larger than those in most other boating events. There were more than 120 crews at Havasu, for instance, eager to contest Harold for his cup and his prize money.

Most of the 120 arrived only a day or so before the race began, and all, except Harold, meekly established their pits where they were told. Eis was different. Eis wins races and he knows the most important factor in a two-day marathon (two hours on Saturday, four on Sunday) is preparation—and preparation for the worst. As he saw it, if he needed to change one of his engines in a hurry he could speed up the process by digging a canal and burying his trailer in the canal's bed to form a sort of do-it-yourself dry dock. Then, if he should have trouble, he could simply run his boat onto the trailer, pull out the bad engine, replace it with one of the two spares he always carries in his truck and get going again in seconds. Eis originally wanted to establish his pits right below race headquarters at the Nautical Inn, within

easy reach of a power line for his lights and tools. But the spot he wanted lay outside the bounds of the official pit area, and after some futile give-and-take with an adamant official who said he must pit where everyone else pitted, Eis capitulated and went to work on his private harbor.

All afternoon he and his Nebraskan crewman, Mike Hrynek, toiled in the ice-cold Colorado River water. They filled sandbags to support the trailer's wheels and built a levee. At dusk on Wednesday evening they were still at it. Mrs. Eis, who doubles as Harold's pit boss, tried to get him out of the water. "You gonna catch pneumonia wading around out there," she cried. "I hope not," replied Harold, more interested in the race than a little lung trouble.

By the time Eis, still miraculously free of pneumonia, had finished his digging, some of the other drivers had begun to arrive from three countries and more than a score of states.

There was Jan Schoonover from Lima, Ohio, another driver with 110 hp Merco on his boat. Schoonover's boat, which looks more like a Batmobile, holds his class world record of 96.008 mph. Obviously, it could do 100 mph on any of the straights on Havasu's four-mile-long, boomerang-shaped course. Other drivers out to wreck Eis's winning streak were Joe Stevens Sr. from Manteca, Calif., the winner of 19 out of 20 races, Floyd C. Murton from Hot Springs, Ark., with a record of 11 wins in seven race meets, Lou Cooley, a radio traffic monitor from Station KNOK, St. Louis, who gives his radio audience a running account of the race while driving his boat; and tall John Merritt, a gas-station operator from Westchester, Calif., who would drive the biggest boat in the race and had arrived at Havasu fresh from a victory in the grueling Salton Sea 500-mile marathon.

The man Eis feared most of all, however, was Bill Hall Jr. from Cullman, Ala., driving a Power Cat with not two but three big Merco. "From what I seen you," said Eis, who had spent all day Thursday trying to bait his rivals into pickup races that would burn up their engines before the marathon began. "Bill's my favorite to win."

McCulloch Properties Inc. likes to think of its Lake Havasu City as a kind of lakeside Palm Springs. By Friday night it looked more like Coney Island over-

continued



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BOATING continued

run by a mechanics' convention. On the shore a blaring carnival whirled and swooped in a maelstrom of cotton candy and canned music. Overlaying it were the sounds of portable generators chattering out power for trailer dwellers, and the tortured howl of someone testing his outboard engine.

On Saturday morning the weather continued cool, dry and clear. As 2 p.m. approached, the pit area buzzed with speculation: Who would be in front after the first day's two-hour run? Eis with his Mercs? One of the big three-engined boats like Bill Hill's or the yellow Raysoncraft driven by Don Harper of Norwalk, Calif.? One of the outnumbered Evinrudes sponsored by Doc Jones of Phoenix and driven by such veterans as Ted May of Long Beach, Calif.? No one was more interested in the answer than Harold Eis.

The race began with a roar at 2 sharp. Everyone was there, everyone but Harold. "I think he's playing it cool," blared the P.A. announcer. "He's hanging back to run in clear water." And that is precisely what Eis had in mind. But his pit boss, Mrs. Eis, stopwatch in hand, deep in a set of hip boots, was worried that he might have delayed his start too long. As the race organized itself into a continuous ribbon of boats chasing each other around the four-mile course, Eis began to move on the leaders. His times dropped from 5 minutes 29 seconds in the eighth lap to 4 minutes 37 seconds in the 16th. But way out front, seemingly beyond reach as the day's deadline of 4 o'clock neared, were Ted May running second in No. T-2 and Bill Hill running smoothly in first place in that Power Cat that Eis feared so much.

At the end of the first day's racing, the race committee, for reasons known only to itself, announced that May was leading, then changed its mind after a long, wet meeting and announced that the leader wasn't May at all but Hill.

Hill spent the evening of Saturday repairing the wear and tear his first-day lead had inflicted on his sleek hull and three fat Mercs. Deep in their pits, Harold Eis and Company meditated over what had to be done on Sunday to beat Hill, May and the rest. Harold had been robbed of one lap by a group of myopic scorers and was three laps behind the leader. Two laps he figured he could make up—but three? He didn't know.

The final four hours would tell the most when speedy pit stops could spell the difference. While the competition slept, Eis and family practiced filling his tanks until they got the time down to just over a minute.

On Sunday morning luck seemed to be with Harold. He made a picture-book start, right next to the pace boat and flying. In 15 minutes he had made up almost every lap he owed the leaders. Then trouble. He blew an engine. Traveling at upwards of 75 mph, with only one good engine, he still could stay with the boats in front but couldn't catch them. He had no choice but to come into the pits and change the sick port engine. No one else in the whole race was prepared for a quick change of engines the way Eis was. His face whipped tight, Eis drove his boat onto the trailer in the harbor he had so diligently built. With the bow line tied to a winch, he hopped out of the boat's driving seat and, still dressed in life jacket but without his helmet, leaped into the truck hitched to the trailer and jerked his sick boat clear out of the water. By now Helen Eis and Harold's uncle and aunt had all the right tools ready, and the job of removing the bad engine began. Hardly 10 minutes later a new engine had replaced the old and Eis was back on the water. The only words he had said during the whole operation were: "No, the wrench with the yellow handle."

"If I had to change an engine like that it'd take me a week," said an amazed bystander.

But it was all for nothing. After one more lap poor Harold was back in the pits with a broken steering gear. "We're all through," he said. "No, we're not," insisted Helen, bravely setting to work on a jury rig. But Harold was right. With the steering gear repaired in helter-skelter style, he started out again, only to find more trouble. On Lake Havasu it seemed that all the luck that accompanied his careful preparations in years of racing had suddenly deserted him and when the race ended he was in 20th place. His only comfort was that Hill and May, both plagued with engine trouble, finished 24th and 60th respectively.

In contrast, Harper's big 106 made only a single pit stop as it breezed along at an average 59 mph to win the race. "It was like going for a ride in a Cadillac on a Sunday afternoon," said Relief Driver Dutch Blazer.

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It is always the same when night reaches for morning. The few old dealers who have survived the emergence of lawyers and syndicate ownership in boxing find it difficult to forget the quite forgotten. When the room is scented with stale drinks and the present has been fully tapped by roaring dialogues, they look back and see forever and sound like those people at certain parties who talk about old movies and ask whatever happened to Leon Errol. Only here they recreate past subterfuges and summon the ghosts who kept them in cigars. How about the one who would "go up against a mountain slide" for his manager? Yeah, and how about the one who ordered his steaks "well to do" and worried about getting a "conclusion of the brain?" Where have all the soldiers gone?

Lou Nova, son of a concert pianist, holder of the

javelin record at Alameda (Calif.) High and once a part of boxing that is no more, is 51 now—a boxer: old. He belonged to the '30s, that pernicious, giddy period in the sport's history when Mike Jacobs managed managers, and Evil Eye Finkel could achieve a peculiar celebrity. Nova came into the sport with nothing, and he left with nothing. Nobody bilked him, nor, when it was over, did he run from his dream, frightened and desperate, in the way that so many fighters before and after him have run. He just walked quickly away from boxing, still a face card, he thought, and not a deuce. Yet if he is mentioned at all these days he is painted as a circus clown, his face turned upward toward the rain. How do you tell an old fighter, or anyone who has been cut down by time, that the roar is not great and the round is not one anymore?

THE FIGHTER

BY MARK KRAM

It is afternoon, and it is empty inside the restaurant at a deserted, decrepit resort in Ensenada, Mexico. Lou Nova, straight as a bayonet from the waist up, rises, does a slow bow to the only guy in the place and then begins his act. First he recites Alfred Noyes's *The Highwayman*, and then says: "Now I'd like to sing a song I once wrote. It is called *Skyrie Maxie*." People are staring through the windows. He sings:

A pugilist, so you are told, seldom achieves mental stature.
But Maxie Rosenbloom, a tough fighting man, was a student of human nature.
And it's very interesting to note his philosophy, and I quote:
People very often hurt you, love's a thing that folks destroy.

You will find that dames desert you.
But I have found the real McCoy.
Ohhh, I love my little friends the
boidies . . .

"Sorry," he says, "but I forgot the rest of it." Everybody outside is inside now, and they are ordering beer and sandwiches and looking at each other. He continues:

"I want to thank Bill Smith for the very nice introduction. He read it just like I wrote it. And it is very nice to have so many people who remember me. In fact, a few minutes ago a sweet little old lady stopped me on the street and said, 'Well, if you're not Lou Nova I'll eat my hat. What are you doing in town?' And then she said, 'I saw you fight Joe Louis in the Polo Grounds before over 56,000 people.' I said, 'Is

that so?' And she says, 'Yeah, and what happened? All of a sudden all the 56,000 stood up and yelled, and when they sat down only Louis was there. Where were you?' Well, I felt like belting her, but she was a little old lady and I'm about 10 pounds overweight.

"So I explained that boxing is a game of strategy. The strategy that I used to get to the top was to keep my left jab in my opponent's face for a few rounds. Then I would purposely drop my left jab. My opponent would throw his right, and I would pull my chin back and make him miss. Then I would drop the cosmic punch on his chin. So I told her that in the sixth round I figured I'd win the title. So I jabbed Louis once more and dropped my left. Louis threw his right. I pulled my head back. Perfect! Only he cheated. He didn't consider my strategy.

continued



And when I awoke he was gone. In fact, everybody was gone. I guess I didn't want to fight anymore. And that's why I say" (he sings):

The fight business is a right business,
it's not a bright business, I know.
Everything about it is appealing,
when I'm in there slugging
toe to toe.
Where else could I get this feeling
that keeps revealing I dodged
a blow?
There's no business like this blow-
by-blow business. You feel no
pain. You're just numb.
When I fought Joe Louis I was
feeling real swell, my puss
looked good, I felt real well.

But when the fight was over Nova
looked like hell, so I got
out. I'm not dumb.
I really mean it, I'm not dumb.

The people ease out of the place as if they were leaving an accident. "Harry," says one spectator, feigning frustration and slowly hitting each word, "who in the hell is Lou Nova?" Harry does not know either, but he guesses that "he was somebody once." All of them are gone now, and Lou Nova leans on a table and raises his body up. Taking birdlike steps, he shuffles outside. "I think the routine needs a little work," he says. He passes a window of a cabin and stares into it. His face stares back. "Look at this, will ya," he says, running his hand through

his hair. "It just turned white a couple of weeks ago. When I caught this strange bug. Now the bug's gone to my legs."

Lou Nova had had only 15 amateur and 18 pro fights when he began training in 1938 for his first bout with Max Baer. Baer was a brutal right-hand puncher and a barlequin who was seemingly obsessed by what he called "my fatal beauty." Nova had won the national AAU and the international amateur heavy-weight championships and had pulled something of an upset—as far as his manager, Ray Carlen, was concerned—while working at a summer job on the San Francisco bridge; he did not fall off it. Louis, of course, was the champion, but just was. The literary department of Mike Jacobs was already calling Nova "brilliant," and Grantland Rice asked in a column of verse: "Can Nova carry us back again to the crest of our long-lost fame?"

The club, however, on Jacobs' Beach remained unmoved, but they had to admit the "bird" did have color. So what if he used big words and kept repeating that he was the son of a concert pianist and bolder of the javelin record at Alameda High. There was another dimension to Lou. He "ate" air and foods with "weird" names, and he had become almost narcissistic about his body. For the Baer fight, Nova decided to train in Nyack, N.Y. under the supervision of a gentleman by the name of "Doctor" Pierre Bernard, who was better known to the Better Business Bureau as Oom the Omnipotent. Oom, it seems, besides being a disciple of yoga, had once been the curator of a mysterious love cult which certain wealthy women found irresistible—if not mysterious.

From the start, the atmosphere appealed to Lou. He had always been fond of animals, and Oom's vast Xanadu included seven elephants, eight assorted monkeys, one llama, one dwarf stallion (28 inches), one lion cub and others. There were also one elephant bath, a dog track (closed by the law after a few days) and one Theatre of Much Discipline, which Lou could not explain but attended religiously. He also ate raw vegetables (chased by carrot juice), read Hindu



In controversial bout for the heavyweight championship that ended in a celebrated knockout, Nova swives under a hard right to the chin thrown by Joe Louis.

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philosophy, rode the elephants like Sabu, did some of his exercises while hanging from a tree and knelt in front of Oom and practiced controlling his stomach muscles. When camp closed, Oom was overwhelmed by pride. He gave Nova the title of Parasmahansa, which meant Lou really did have a brain in addition to a body. "Baer's in for trouble," said Nova. "He not only has to worry about my muscle, he has to fight my mind."

Nova's mind was hardly a factor the night of the Baer fight in Yankee Stadium. Hitting with the backs of their gloves and after the bell, the two spat blood, dripped blood and slobbered blood. Baer could hardly see, and he was constantly choking from the blood he had been swallowing from a large gash inside his mouth. Nova won by a technical knockout in the 11th round. Still, Joe Louis, who saw the fight, "walked—did not run—to the nearest exit," as John Kieran wrote. The fans did not agree. Joe Louis would get his. Sure, said Lou, proclaiming himself a "man of destiny," but first there was the matter of the mouth-flapping, beer-swallowing beach hall from New Jersey.

Primordial and cavalier, Tony Galento never did reach the hearts of YMCA instructors or the Pierce Egan purists, who thought he should have been on a waterfront with a hook in his hand. Tony's one regret in life was that he never fouled Joe Louis. The art of the sport was for the writers, not Tony. Once asked to explain his ability to punch up, Galento said: "Punch up, punch down? What the hell's the difference?" He was not a good fighter, but seldom has there ever been one who appealed more to the atavism of the crowd. Nova, however, was not worried about Galento. He knew of Tony's leviathan appetite (he was supposed to have eaten 52 hot dogs one afternoon before a fight) and thirst. Tony could never be physically able to handle a fighter who had trained under Oom and had found the secret to life and a healthy body. Nova was also amused that Galento was training for the fight by boxing a kangaroo.

The fight in Philadelphia in 1939 was simply Saturday night in the wrong section of town. The Nova-Baer bloodlet-

ting had repelled the Carry Nations of the sport, but Nova-Galento would stand as one of the goriest fights in ring history, instead of water, there were buckets of blood in each corner. Nova went down five times. When he did not knock Nova down, Galento dragged his "kill" down, his knees banging like jackhammers at the body. Finally the referee stopped the fight in the 14th round. He feared that Nova was going blind. So did Nova. Galento's thumbs had been in his eyes all night. It was Galento's finest moment. Never before had a referee allowed him such complete expression. Nova was taken to a hospital in an ambulance, and for days he lived in a vacuum. When he was released he went

back to California and fell off a horse.

Nineteen months passed before Nova fought again. Max Baer was the opponent once more in April 1941 in the Garden. Lou was relatively withdrawn before the fight, and it was obvious he had changed. He had become quite suspicious of the people in boxing, especially those around him. He suspected that Carlen had started to ridicule him in private by referring to him as "my bum." He was also fearful of becoming punch-drunk, and he began to despise Carlen for not stopping the Galento fight earlier. Consequently, about half an hour before the Baer fight he angrily cleared his dressing room. Alone, he went through a yoga ritual. One of the beach boys, who sup-

continued



Training for his fight with Max Baer, Nova knelt before Oom the Oomponent, a disciple of yoga who taught him how to gain control of his stomach muscles.

postedly had his ear pressed against the door, said he heard Nova "talkin' in strange words, so I floes da premises." Whatever Nova was doing did not matter. Baer was not the man he had been in the first fight, and Nova won easily. Lou's explanation to the press was that during his layoff he had discovered a "cosmic" punch and a "dynamic" stance. The former, he said, was dependent upon the movement of the earth. "It's a new idea about punching," he said, "and I'm going over to Radio City tomorrow

to illustrate it." Remarkably a critic from *Stilleman's* who was there the next day: "I wish his t'ing luck." He would need it. Nova had always had a desire to "live dangerously" because his father died at age 31, and now he was finally going to get a chance to realize that desire fully on September 29, 1941 against Joe Louis.

Before the fight, Lou took long swims in the Pacific Ocean and tried to explain his cosmic punch, "straight from the seventh vertebra, center of balance." He honestly believed the punch was already

scaring and baffling Louis. Publicly Joe said, "This will be my last successful title defense." Privately he told his manager: "Look, this boy is going to give me the toughest fight of my career." Louis was a 13-to-5 favorite, but he would play a very minor role in the high comedy that evolved. Sure, it was a cold night, but why was Nova doing all that jumping around? Louis, except for cruel explorations with his left and a couple of good right hands, just let him jump; Louis seemed a trifle amused. Then in the sixth round Nova stopped jumping and began pumping his arms out stiffly like a dude shooting his cuffs. When he stopped, Louis began, and then finally caught him with his locomotive right. "I knew I had him," said Joe, "when he made them funny motions with his hands." Lou apologized for his cosmic punch. "The earth," he said, "was not turning properly." Said Columnist Dan Parker: "Lou doesn't know how to spell. The s doesn't belong in the word." Several days later Nova's manager and trainer received suspensions for advising their fighter to wait until the sixth round before stepping in front of the locomotive.

Nova fought for a while after that, served as a lieutenant in the National Guard during the war years, but then he finally quit boxing. He still kept getting hit, though. One day he was currying a horse, and the horse kicked over a can of butane gas. It exploded, and Lou received a severe concussion. Later his wife divorced him. Her mother said that Lou had a habit of resting his bare feet up on the dinner table "right next to my lemon meringue pie!" Lou plunged into introspection. The action was all gone. He was bored. Once he sent a bunch of postcards to writers throughout the country, saying: "I just wanted to get these in the mail before the postage goes up." What could he do to make it all seem like round one again? He decided to work up a nightclub routine: he would be the classic pug. During an appearance in Albuquerque he was asked to do a guest column for the paper. Quoting his friends, Lou wrote: "Lou, you were born 10 years too soon. Fighters you beat could have taken Rocky Marciano easily." Lou agreed, and went on to say that, had he fought

continued

Lou and friend go upside down for a healthful chat. The frame supporting them is the Yoga Nova, Lou's invention, which he calls a "cowbaton" to yoga.

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THE FIGHTER *continued*

Marcano, "I would be lighting my cigars with \$10 bills instead of hitchhiking from town to town on this tour." After that it occurred to him that he might like writing a column, so he syndicated one called "I See Stars." Editors, however, did not.

Inspired by the stage success of his old totem, Gentleman Jim Corbett, Nova then directed his energies toward acting. He began reading Shakespeare aloud and alone in his room, and then he took acting lessons. Summer stock and a few movies followed. In one film called *Love and Learn* he appeared as a dance-happy mug: Martha Vickers, with whom he danced, was prevailed upon to wear a set of protective aluminum caps in the toes of her shoes. By now Lou was reasonably pleased with his progress and confident that once more he was near the action. The future looked good—that is, until May 17, 1953 when he began reading an account in the *Los Angeles Examiner* of the one-round Marcano-Walcott title fight.

Columnist Vincent X. Flaherty was lazing Walcott for a nauseating performance, and to show a contrast he dredged up some gallant efforts of the past. "Less creditable," continued Flaherty, "were the cowardly appearances against Louis of Max Baer and Lou Nova. Nova was like a frightened, screaming child at vaccination time. He didn't throw a punch, but got hit by only one and seemed happy about the whole defeat. They lugged his carcass and towed it in abject disgrace back toward his corner. He smiled bravely in the safety of his dressing room, wiping out the manliness of every victory he had ever won." Nova sued Flaherty and the Hearst Publishing Company for \$200,000. "Since the article," he complained, "doors have been closed in my face." People from the motion picture industry urged Nova to drop the suit for his own sake. Nova pressed for a retraction. Flaherty refused, and the trial by jury began in May 1955. Nova was now living in New York and appearing as Big Julie in a revival of *Guys and Dolls*.

Placed in the position of having to prove that Nova had been, indeed, a coward, the defense rolled out its guns, heavy pieces in the form of depositions

by Joe Louis and Gene Tunney and post-fight columns. Nova hung his head as the "vicious and virilic comments" from the columns were read into the record. The most damaging testimony, however, came in Louis' deposition. "It seemed Nova was scared," said Joe. How could he tell? "Well," he answered, "you look another fighter in the face and you know whether he's afraid from whether he looks you in the eye or not." Well, would he say that Nova was cowardly during the fight? "The only thing I can say," said Joe, "is that he seemed to me like he was a little afraid . . . now whether that makes him a coward, I don't know. He didn't have the spirit to win . . . I don't think so." Tunney's deposition was equally searing.

The prosecution had its moments, too. There was, of course, Nova's firm denial of cowardice and the testimony of *Los Angeles Times* Sports Editor Paul Zimmerman. Zimmerman, who had been at the fight, testified that he did not think Nova exhibited cowardice or behaved like a frightened, screaming child. "He was not in a position to defend himself," he testified. "He was slow. Louis was knocking him from post to post." Flaherty was also called to the stand and confronted with pictures of the fight. Did Lou Nova, he was asked, look to be a coward in the photographs? Flaherty had said that on the night of the fight Nova looked "white as a sheet" to him; it was also pointed out that Flaherty was not present in the dressing room following the fight, and he had relied on a colleague for a description.

The jury sought its verdict for three hours. Was a man who climbed into the ring with Joe Louis for six rounds a coward? In the end the jury could not digest the word "cowardly." Nova was awarded \$35,000. Later the California Appellate Court reversed the verdict. "That's all right," said Lou, "I don't care about the money. I just wanted to be vindicated and I was—by the people."

Back in New York, Nova was now appearing as Spike, a pugilistic friend of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle in a Broadway play called *The Happiest Millionaire*. The star was Walter Pidgeon, whom Lou eventually came to dislike. "Before we hit New York, we're on the road," said

continued

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THE FIGHTER *continued*

Lou, "and every town we hit I'm getting all the ink. The Pidgeon doesn't like it at all. All of a sudden, every time I start to read my lines, he's whispering, 'Play it down, play it down!'" Nova later left the play. His reason was that he wanted to go into training "in order that I can resume my poetry recitals, which were such a big hit at that church last year." He sharpened up his limbs with private lessons, and by spring of 1956 he was ready for Carnegie Hall and a recital sponsored and promoted by Lou Nova.

Lou had "Sonnetide"—a play on ringside—printed on the tickets, and on the night of the performance he poked fun at himself by bringing two "heavies" along with him. One was a tag-team wrestler, and the other was an old sparring partner named Mike O'Dowd, who wore a tuxedo. O'Dowd kept his eyes on the house and fought off the urge to smoke a cigar. "I'd like to," he said, "but it wouldn't look right." At the entrance Lou, wearing a dinner jacket and holding programs under his arm, tried to harness his galloping nerves by conducting informal poetry symposiums with anyone who stood still. He was quite serious, and he desperately wanted people to understand that this was a very big thing for him, but he knew he was all alone and he knew the audience would

be there just to scoff at him, to vandalize his spirit as if it were the hide of some magnificent old elephant gathering dust in a museum. Once on stage, though, he hid his intensity by playing it for laughs. He belted a couple of dreadful poems by Robert Service and Edgar Guest. He then did *The Knif's Last Fight*, *Gunga Din* and Polonius' advice to Laertes. "Here's where I tackle the champ," Lou said, seating himself on a chair. Shakespeare did not fall easily.

He chose *The Highwayman* for his finale, and he threw combinations while handling the line about the moon being a ghostly galleon, and he ran his hand through his hair when he became Bess, the landlord's daughter. Taking his leave, he said to the audience: "I want you to know that I am grateful that you appreciate me as an actor and not just as a fighter." Frank Fay, a fine actor, said that was just absolutely brilliant. "His best line of the night!" said Fay. "A throw-away, but it was legitimate." Lou told reporters that he planned to make his recital an "annual spring affair." The public believed him. Only 52 people showed up the next year. Exit Lou Nova.

He has been talking for a long time now of the '30s and Mike Jacobs. His mother, who is there to nurse him, is in the



Nova lights cigar with stage money as polkaize for role in "The Happiest Millionaire."

kitchen. She calls: "Lou, are you warm enough? Would you like an egg sandwich?" Lou, who is lying in bed, says, no, he would not like an egg sandwich but he could do with a nice cup of hot tea. A close friend named Les enters the room.

"Les, we got to get out of here," says Lou. There is a quiet desperation in his voice. "I got to get my leg in a mineral bath. It's the only thing'll help it. You touted me on this place, and we can't even get up there."

"I know," says Les, "but I didn't know the road to the one around here would be washed out." Lou broods for a moment. "I know," says Lou, dragging the words out.

The next day Les's Cadillac leaves Escondido for Desert Hot Springs, Calif. Les is driving. Lou's mother is next to him and Lou is in the back seat pinned in by luggage. Except for the crackling of a latch bag, out of which Lou is eating hard-boiled eggs, it is a quiet, strange trip. "Les," says Lou's mother, "I'm thirsty. Let's stop." Lou does not want to stop. He must get to the mineral baths! He relents after a 40-mile debate.

"Lou has been very sick," his mother says while at the rest stop.

"He caught some sort of bug?"

"Oh, no!" she says. "It's arthritis. It runs in the family. He's been in the hospital for a month."

"Is that when his hair turned white?"

"No, his hair has been white for three years. He's been dyeing it, but I talked him out of it."

The trip resumes, and Lou remains silent except for one moment of sudden reflection. "You know," he says, "I have always just gone along with the tide. I never wanted a whole lot." At Desert Hot Springs, Lou struggles out from under the luggage and stares at a steaming mineral bath. "I'll lick this damn bug here," he says. He then shakes hands with his visitor and says, "Well, you have it all. Lou Nova the fighter, the actor and the inventor."

Several weeks later a large envelope arrived containing a page out of a newspaper, a mailing piece and a letter. The newspaper page was entitled "Women Today." The word "Society" in the arti-

CLARENCE

77

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THE FIGHTER continued

cle was underlined by blue pencil. The mailing piece, a flyer Nova had gotten up, showed a woman turned upside down on a padded metal frame, and the text urged the reader to strengthen his weak back, massage his internal organs, correct his dropped abdomen, refresh his dry skin and tone and firm his "messenger" by using the Yogi Nova—a "Lou Nova Invention, which has already been recognized as a contribution to the 6,000 year old Indian science." The letter explained: "Am back in Hollywood about 99%, back to normal. Am flipping up on the Isometric Yogi Nova like I was 25 again. I guess I will have to give up playing football. That was kind of a bad accident, falling on my back when catching that pass. You know it put me in the hospital for two weeks, and took me about three more to get well. Les is coming over soon. We are going to take a steam bath at the hotel. They sell my Yogi's there at the Health Club. Had a nice recovery at Desert Hot Springs. Also came away with a nice tan." Eventually, too, Nova came away with three good movie parts, including his old role in *The Happiest Millionaire*.

Hadden, but leaping from the letter, was another message, one that the reader must feel and understand. Nova was saying that he was not in Ensenada anymore, that he was not a loser or just one more pitiable example of the classic aftermath of the fighter and that, man, he is not ready for Saturday nights with Lawrence Welk and a hot cup of tea. He was saying that he had always been sort of The Happy Scuffer, and that now he was sure to be a successful inventor who would be (as the enclosed article related) a big hit once again, stretching his legs, doing body bends, standing on his head and doing a ringlike dance to show his nimbleness—right in the fanciest department store in L.A. Just read the letterhead, Jack, and then forget about the trumpets crying low. It reads: NOVA STANDS THE WORLD ON ITS HEAD! It also tells what he was, is and always will be—the javelin record holder from Alameda High just trying to keep his name scrawled on the subway wall forever.

END

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE WEST

It was what's happening, baby? when UCLA's Lew Alcindor made his varsity debut against USC before 12,800 in Pauley Pavilion. USC Coach Bob Boyd elected to play Lewie straightaway man-to-man—no sag, no collapse—with 6-foot-6 Bill Hewitt stationed behind him. When that proved futile, 7-foot Ron Taylor came in to front him. It made no difference. Alcindor scored on turn-around jumpers, banked shots, layups and dunks, and when it was all over he had 56 points and 21 rebounds, had blocked five shots and intimidated most Trojans who ventured into the key. "I was surprised USC used a man-to-man," said UCLA's Johnny Wooden. "Lew is such an awesome scorer, sometimes he scares me." But, added Wooden, "he has a weakness on defense." Hewitt, a talented shooter in his own right, found it. He scored 39 points, many of them in direct confrontations with Alcindor. UCLA won 105-90.

That was hardly good news for UCLA's other AAWU opponents. But Stanford got in a couple of good kicks before starting to worry about the Bruins. The Indians edged San Francisco 56-53 in overtime and then beat Arizona State 87-73. CALIFORNIA, WASHINGTON STATE and OREGON STATE all won, but WASHINGTON split a pair with Iowa, losing 66-53 and winning 76-55. PACIFIC, the best in the WCAC, also got off to a good start, taking Hayward State 76-54 and Hardin-Simmons 81-71.

NEW MEXICO, not quite at home in its new 14,831-seat arena, had trouble with Abilene Christian and Santa Clara. Both teams sagged around 6-foot-9 Mel Dimech, and the Lobos had to rely on outside shooters Ben Monroe and Frank Judge to bail them out. They came through, and New Mexico beat Abilene 62-53 and the Broncos 72-54. RICHMOND YOUNG and UTAH, the Lobos' chief challengers in the WAC, won easily. BYU ran over New Mexico State 97-66; Utah squashed Pepperdine 117-64 and beat New Mexico State 51-42. COLORADO STATE looked like the West's strongest independent, battering Montana State 90-73 and Idaho 96-71.

THE SOUTH

One thing Duke Coach W. V. Mabie learned about Virginia Tech was that he can't expect to get all his points from one shooter.

His Blue Devils kept trying to get the ball to Bob Verga, who was having a miserable night, and it cost them the game. Tech's Ron Perry and Glen Combs popped in shots from outside—for 23 points apiece—and the Gobblers upset Duke 85-71. It was a lot different from last year's opener when the Devils bombed Tech by 33 points. "We didn't change a thing," said Coach Howie Shummon. "We just did it a little better."

DUKE was better prepared for Michigan. This time sophomore Dave (Slink) Golden came off the bench to take the pressure off Verga. He intimidated the Wolverines with his footwork, shook them up with 25 points, and Duke won easily 96-75. Virginia Tech had another victory, over Purdue, 79-63.

Western Kentucky, with visions of a national championship, could not wait to get at VANDERBILT. More than 13,000 jammed Diddle Arena, former Coach Ed Diddle led the cheers before the game, and then Vandy messed up everything. The Commodores outran Western and, when the Hilltoppers got close, Jerry Southwood dropped in 10 straight foul shots in the last three minutes for a 76-70 victory. "We ought to burn our press clippings," lamented Coach Johnny Oldham. But WESTERN KENTUCKY had better luck against Memphis State. Clem Haskins poured in 29 points, and the Hilltoppers won 52-44. Vanderbilt went on to beat SMU 89-76 as Bo Wyman scored 25 points.

KENTUCKY had it easy beating Virginia 104-84 as Louis Dampier and Pat Riley pitched in 54 points between them. But Adolph Rupp had some things to think about—like maybe putting his Wildcats into a 1-3-1 zone defense. Playing man-to-man, Dampier let Chip Case, Virginia's good sophomore, get away for 27 points. "We don't think defense," complained the Baron.

Vanderbilt, TENNESSEE and FLORIDA also were on Coach Rupp's mind. Tennessee crowded Michigan with its tight defense, Ron Widby threw in 27 points, and the Vols whipped the Wolverines 72-54. Florida, and especially big Gary Keller (he got 64 points in two games), looked smart trouncing Jacksonville 93-59 and Miami 113-88. GEORGIA TECH feasted on SWC teams, beating SMU 87-70 and Rice 87-61.

Back in the ACC, NORTH CAROLINA took a while to get started against Clemson. Then Larry Miller hit nine for nine in the second half, sophomore Dick Gruber stole the Tigers blind, and Carolina won 76-65. Penn

State, a 76-53 loser to MARYLAND, fell to the Tar Heels 93-63 as Miller scored 26. SOUTH CAROLINA, playing without Mike Grasso, took Erskine 87-57.

WEST VIRGINIA, the Southern Conference favorite, came up with the jitters and barely got by East Carolina 59-55 and William and Mary 73-67. The Mountaineers had better start worrying about DAVENPORT, which beat Wake Forest 73-63 and Pitt 97-59. LOUISVILLE was sharp enough to impress even critical Coach Peck Hickman while burying Georgetown (Ky.) 99-81. Sophomore Butch Beard got 27 points, and Wesley Unseld, slimmer and quicker, scored 23 and picked off 18 rebounds.

THE EAST

BOSTON COLLEGE's Bob Cousy got a scare one day last week when 6-foot-8 Willie Wolters, his star rebounder, suddenly collapsed during practice. It turned out to be nothing worse than a virus. So while lanky Jim Kiwanne took over the rebounding, Terry Driscoll, a fine 6-foot-7 sophomore, filled in for Wolters and scored 23 points as the Eagles routed Quantico Marines 104-80. Two nights later, with another sophomore—Billy Evans, a poised lefty left-hander—wheeling and dealing a la Cousy, and Steve Adelman shooting in 20 points, BC outran Massachusetts' slowdown 86-43.

PROVIDENCE was not exactly overwhelming against tough little Assumption, but Coach Joe Mullany saw enough to be hopeful. JC transfer Tony Koski gave the Friars some rebounding (18) and 15 points, slick Jim Walker threw in 19, and Providence won 73-59. ST. JOHN'S, another team with national aspirations, got away smoothly by beating Georgetown 70-62 as Sonny Dove and Rudy Bogod scored 39 points.

Philadelphia's Big Five has a new leader—LA SALLE. The Explorers, getting 43 points and 28 rebounds from their flashy soph—Stan Wlodarczyk, Larry Cannon and Bernie Williams—and 47 more points from old-timers Hubie Marshall and George Psall, trounced Gettysburg 103-67. VILLANOVA's prize sophomore, 6-foot-6 Johnny Jones, showed off all his good moves and scored 35 points as the Wildcats beat Philadelphia Temple 72-63. TEMPLE, down 30-29 at half time, had to scurry to overtake American U. The Owls did it, 81-63, with a 2-1-2 zone press. ST. JOSEPH's has its troubles, too, but managed to beat Albright 76-59 and Hofstra 81-67. Penn, however, went down. ACTING Guards Bob Lloyd and Jim Valvano bombed the Quakers for 45 points, and the Knights won 80-68. PENN recovered to edge Navy 77-75 in overtime while Rutgers went on to trim Boston U. 87-71.

BRIMINGTON and YALE, meanwhile, were hoping to succeed Penn in the Ivy League. The Tigers clobbered Lafayette 108-59 and

beat Army 67-63, while Yale smashed Colgate 108-74 and upset Connecticut 65-37. Columbia lost its chance when ailing 7-foot-1 Dave Newmark dropped out of school for a year. Without him, the Lacets lost to CCNY 50-48.

In other openers, NYU outscored Seton Hall 77-60, BILLY CROSS beat Dartmouth 72-55, SYRACUSE ran over George Washington 99-83, NICHOLAS held off Fairfield 85-82, CAMPUS defeated Murray State 78-69 as Andy Anderson scored 41 points.

THE MIDWEST

For weeks MICHIGAN STATE Coach John Bevington has been talking down his good sophomore, Lee Lafayette. He makes mistakes, Bevington protests. But Lafayette, it seems, plays better than he practices. Along with clubby 6-foot-7 Center Matthew Anteh, he wrecked Western Michigan 77-55 and mowed southern Miami of Ohio 63-51. Lafayette scored 43 points in the two games.

But Michigan State's Big Ten rivals are ready for the chase. ILLINOIS warmed up by walloping Butler 82-51, while MINNESOTA surprised KANSAS State 60-59 on Leroy Gardner's feet threw with eight seconds to go after husky Tom Kotila piled up 33 points. OHIO STATE also beat Butler, 74-67, and then surprised Iowa State 79-77 on the road. NORTHWESTERN, after an early cold spell, got its fast break and proving defense working in the second half and ran away from Ohio U., 93-67. Coach Larry Glaws, however, was not exactly enchanted by his of-

fense. "Slushy and mushy," he called it. ASSESSING to play the proper host, SASKATCHEWAN banned drum beating at its games and installed better lighting. But the Huskers were inhospitable to visiting Oregon. They hit the Ducks hard with their usual full-court press, Tom Back flipped in 29 points and Nebeska coasted 79-56. Then KANSAS STATE played slowdown against Oregon and took the Ducks 52-45. KANSAS, the Big Eight team Nebraska worries most about, got two strong performances from Rodger Hohensachtel and beat Arkansas 73-57 and NAJIB 100-52, OKLAHOMA STATE, playing its Gaudin game, lost to CREIGHTON 78-76 but beat Wyoming 71-64.

OPENCOURT had no trouble getting by George Washington 86-54, but Wisconsin was tougher. The Bearcats were down by four points, with eight minutes left when John Howard, who scored 30 points, got a hot hand. He tipped at a basket and hit five in a row from outside, but still Creighton was in a 63-63 tie at the end. Howard got four more points in overtime, and Cincinnati won 77-70. St. Louis, unable to handle DAYTON's Jimmy May off the boards (he got 27 rebounds), was beaten by the Flyers 80-78.

LOUISIANA OF Chicago pressed and ran South Dakota State ragged 119-85, and DEPAUL clubbed North Dakota 82-47, TOLEDO burned Notre Dame 98-80.

THE SOUTHWEST

Even in the very first week it was evident that the Southwest would have to look to its independents for glory and national rankings. While SWC teams wallowed around in their usual early-season mediocrity, defending national champion TEXAS WESTERN and HOLSON, more or less lived up to their notoriety. The Miners (page 26), despite some sloppy play that left Coach Don Haskins unhappy, beat Sam Houston State 78-54 and Ahlberg Chordian 85-46. Albuquerque took some early liberties with Houston, but in the end 6-foot-9 Elvin Hayes and Melvin Bell, who shared 62 points, were too much for the precocious Dons. Hayes threw in 12 points in the last five minutes, and the Cougars won 96-84. Minnesota held Houston for a while, too, but Hayes, Bell and Don Chaney finally got the Cougars going for an 86-75 victory. Oklahoma City, however, lost to NEW MEXICO STATE 82-64.

The conference teams, meanwhile, were suffering. SMU, the favorite, was not the only team to fall. TCU lost to OKLAHOMA 90-76 before beating Centenary 102-77. TEXAS TECH held off Colorado 72-67 but lost to WICHITA STATE 90-77. Arkansas was beaten by MISSOURI 73-66, and LOUISIANA TECH outlasted Texas A&M 53-50. But there was hope at A&M. The Owls took Trinity 85-73 and already had as many victories—one—as they got last year. **END**



TENNESSEE DEFENSE. with Ron Waddy (32) and Tom Hendrix applying tight double-team, traps Michigan's Sullivan in a corner.

J.W. Dant

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

Sirs:

Perhaps the reason for entitling the article *An Upside-down Game* (Nov. 28) was not because Notre Dame linebacker Jim Lynch was photographed upside down, but because your writer, Dan Jenkins, was standing on his head. Mr. Jenkins says, "A No. 1 team will try something." Then he adds, "No one wanted a freak play to decide it; everyone wanted a clear winner." If Notre Dame had scored during that last minute, would it not have been most likely on a freak play?

D. RICHARD BARDER

Highland, Ind.

Sirs:

Michigan State, playing in its own backyard, had 60 minutes in which to defeat a crippled Notre Dame team. They failed, and all the name-calling and ranting and raving in the world is not going to alter that fact one iota.

JOHN MALAN

Hudson Falls, N.Y.

Sirs:

Many thanks for coming out with the truth. The name of the game is still win, especially with the national championship on the line.

MIKE GARNER

Escanaba, Mich.

Sirs:

What we saw at the game was 60 minutes of hard-fought football. We saw George Goodenick hobble onto the field to block for the unsuccessful field goal. We saw Terry Hanratty go to the sideline to have the spit wiped from his face. We saw Colley O'Brien play magnificently under fantastic pressures. We saw Kevin Hardy punt beautifully and tackle ferociously, and, finally, we saw Tommy Schoon, tears in his eyes, standing in pain on the sideline after being hit attempting a fair catch. And do you know what we heard? The Notre Dame fight song, over and over. And, when we arrived at the Notre Dame campus that night, we saw 4,000 students cheering wildly for the No. 1 team in the country and carrying a sign that said, WE'RE PROUD.

BARRY BREEN
LARRY MCNAUGHTON
MIKE HOGAN

Notre Dame, Ind.

Sirs:

The history of athletics has been glorified by the principle of the honest, all-out effort to win without excuse or complaint. Your pages have recorded many moments of gen-

uine heroism, when defeat was risked for the slim chance of winning. I doubt that a "don't lose" philosophy has ever built much character. Notre Dame's Fighting Irish forgot what the game is all about in front of the whole country, and people remember a long time.

BILL JOHNSON

San Diego

Sirs:

Sure you have a headache, but why take it out on Notre Dame?

PAUL L. JOHNSON

Minneapolis

Sirs:

Couch Parsieghian excused his safe-play-for-lose by saying he wasn't going to give away a victory when his injured team had played so gallantly. Perhaps they did play gallantly—most football teams do. But we cannot toss national championships to teams that might have won, simply because they were muddled with injuries.

As it happens, I was a boxer during World War II, and I lost a bout in a tournament because I was not in shape to fight. The consensus may have been that I would have clobbered my opponent, but the fact was that my opponent was sound and I was not! They don't award bouts to fighters who are unable to enter the ring.

I cannot agree with the general notion that Notre Dame would have defeated State if Eddy and Hanratty had been in the lineup. A year ago Mike Garrett was in the University of Southern California lineup, and Ara's boys contained him like a steel trap contains a rabbit. The point is, Notre Dame had a pretty good book on Mr. Garrett and was able to smother him whenever he tried to run. Apparently Michigan State had something on Seymour.

Couch Parsieghian and his followers can beat their breasts, bleat and yelp about being No. 1 as much as they wish, and, chances are, they will bully many, many people into believing them. But, as far as I'm concerned, Notre Dame will not prove that it is entitled to anything, save an undefeated season, unless the game is played again—and not to a tie. If they are sincere I suggest they try to persuade the good Reverend Father who is president of Notre Dame to make this possible. Until then, their boast of being the No. 1 team in the nation does not stand for a thing.

THE REV. LEWIS P. BOHLER JR.
Rector, Church of the Advent (Episcopal)
Los Angeles

● For the point of view of another man of the cloth, see p. 56.—ED.

MULLIGAN STEW

Sirs:

I see by your Nov. 28 issue that the not named Van Alen, who completely destroyed the essence of tennis with VASSS, is at it once more, this time to sharpen his claws on the game of golf (*Unwashed Sport Called VAAGG*).

I wonder if it has ever occurred to Mr. Van Alen that he might be holding up sane players with all those mulligans of his? Mr. Van Alen also knocks golfers who play winter rules in the summer. He's a fine one to talk.

DON JENKINS

Gaithersburg, Md.

Sirs:

I agree with most of James Van Alen's ideas. However, there is one thing wrong with hitting a mulligan on every shot. Suppose you are playing in a foursome and each man has two shots from the tee. You now have eight balls in the fairway (supposedly in the middle), and the inevitable mix-up and time-consuming effort in trying to unravel this mess is not worth the trouble.

SCOTT FLUERT

Hollywood, Fla.

Sirs:

I believe I played through Mr. Van Alen a month or two ago at a nearby course. I recall the incident vividly, since traffic was backed up a considerable distance behind him. His first ball off this particular tee lay in the center of the fairway, while he probed the bushes somewhere off to the right in search of that back-twenty-five mulligan.

Oh, yes. He was playing alone.

BEN HENKLEY

Altus, Ill.

Sirs:

James Van Alen's VAAGG would convert golf from a cross to a crown for most of us, and it might inspire honesty on the scorecards.

F. PERCY SHERRY

Hollywood, Fla.

SCHUSS

Sirs:

Bob Ottum has finally said it. American skiing is better than Europe's. *American's Best Ski Run*, Nov. 14: Whenever I say this, people look at me as if I were dumb.

After years of watching movies of skiing in Europe, my wife and I went on a ski vacation there in February and March of 1965, which, according to Europeans, was an extremely good snow year. We went to Kitzbühel, St. Anton, Davos, Zermatt and Val d'Isère, for the well-known places, and some

continued

Francesco Bernaducci says:
 "Sometimes I'd pedal
 for 8 days in a 6-day race.
 Then I got a
 Caravelle calendar watch."



Wrong-Day Francesco. You know the type.
 The kind of guy who shows up on your boat a week
 end early and catches you with your sails down...
 the fight fan who sleeps through the Late Show
 the night the heavyweight championship's on
 radio... the genius who goes out to the sta-
 dium the Sunday the groundskeeper is
 painting the goalposts.

For these extreme cases (as well as for

men who'd just like to have the date on hand), the
 Caravelle Division of Bulova puts out a line of rugged,
 good-looking calendar watches ranging in price
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All are waterproof, shock-resistant and preci-
 sion-jeweled. Two are self-winding.

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Next amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Pains have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne 1)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

10TH HOLE continued

other smaller areas. We found ice, rocks, poor planning, rude lift lines and just average sking.

Don't get me wrong, there were good runs, too. Probably the nicest run we had was one from a town called Zurs to another town named Lech in the Arlberg area. It had beautiful, squeaky powder snow, and wonderful scenery, but still it was only an intermediate trail. Often, we would arrive at the bottom of a trail and find we not only had to walk half a mile to the lift, but that it had a different owner and our lift ticket was no good.

Our motto now is, "Ski America's First."

RICHARD K. MARTIN

Portland, Ore.

Six

Through personal research, words set down vividly and with conviction, photos like chefshals of gold, fresh air, abstract paintings rich in natural rhythms and brave color harmonies—your essay on America's 10 best ski runs has all these. What's more, it keeps them in balance. It belongs, I guess, among the 10 best word-and-picture runs in magazine history. Thanks, and three cheers from this side of the water for Writer Bob Ottum. Photographer John Zimmermann and Artist Donald Moss!

ALEXANDER EIDOT

Rome, Italy

Six

As a native of the Alps I am always amazed by the climate in the Rockies and the Wasatch Mountains, the much lighter powder snow and the much better manners of those who must wait in lines. Ten or 15 years ago, it was hard to beat Europe for charm and fine food and just plain ski fun. Today, in my opinion, the world's best and most enjoyable skiing lies in a triangle between Alta, Taos and Vail, and I believe you can find all the best of Europe right there, from French cuisine to Rocky Mountain powder, from the sunshine of New Mexico to the smooth and warmhearted service found only in the U.S. nowadays! Last but not least, America's ski resorts offer amazingly effective slope maintenance, unknown in Europe, and a few areas that are as yet free of those monstrous waiting lines. In short, skiing the Alps is fun, but mid-America has it all, and then some.

WALTER WIDMER

El Prado, N. Mex.

Six

Your report on super ski runs was very well done, but I think you should have mentioned other outstanding runs. For instance, Rendezvous Peak at Jackson Hole, Wyo. has the longest vertical drop (4,135 feet) in the nation.

Mrs. A. B. WORMEAD

Rawlins, Wyo.

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A Mighty Long Run from Cornwall to Oswego

The old O. & W. railroad is no more, but its now-silent roadbed beckons to hikers as it meanders through lovely country, running along such streams as the Beaverkill and the Neversink **by ROBERT CANTWELL**

The Cannonball of the O. & W. left Utica, N.Y. at midnight and, according to popular belief, reached Hamilton, 35 miles away, the following spring. Hamilton was the home of Madison College, which became Colgate University; the O. & W. was the New York, Ontario and Western Railway, which became only an abandoned right-of-way. Now outdoor enthusiasts want the state to take over the old roadbed and use it for a hiking, cycling and horseback-riding path across New York state.

Colossal problems lie in the way, but the interesting aspect of the proposal is that something like it happened once before. Long ago the O. & W. appeared to be of no use to anyone, but it was rescued from oblivion when it was given over to sport and recreation. The O. & W. got its start as the New York and Oswego Midland in 1866. Incensed because the Erie and the New York Central bypassed their towns, shippers on the fringes of the Catskills persuaded the legislature to let them build a railroad of their own. They had no money, so the

legislature empowered them to raise it by letting the villages along the proposed right-of-way sell bonds, and the railroad, instead of reaching places with passengers and freight, went to towns with the best bond salesmen. The O. & W. ran from the village of Cornwall-on-Hudson, which is not far from West Point, into the Catskills, then curved north around Lake Oneida and reached its glorious destination at the village of Oswego on Lake Ontario, 272 miles from its starting point. Construction crews moving west met the crews moving east on July 9, 1873, just before dark on a gloomy and threatening day. The line already was bankrupt. William F. Helmer, the historian of the O. & W., says the rails met "in the middle of nowhere." That was true as far as towns were concerned. The place was Whirling Eddy on the Beaverkill River. It was one of the finest fishing spots in the Western Hemisphere. But there was nothing there to provide freight for O. & W. cars. The nearest town was Westfield Flats, which eventually became

Roscoe, one of the great hunting and fishing centers of New York state. But it was then only a sleepy farm village of 28 houses. The next station of the O. & W. was Livingston Manor, one of the most imposing of the great chain of Catskill resort centers. But it then contained only 12 houses. In fact, in 1866 there were 5,400 houses in 14 towns in Sullivan County.

But there were also 400 miles of trout streams, and Superintendent Childs of the O. & W. began planting trout in the rivers. And what rivers! The O. & W. crossed the Rondout, which John Burroughs said was one of the finest of all trout streams, and then ran along the headwaters of the Neversink, crossed Willowemoc Creek and ran along the Beaverkill, perhaps the most famous trout stream in the U. S. In the words of Theodore Gordon, father of American dry-fly fishing, "It would be hard to find anywhere a more beautiful one."

The O. & W. not only sought to stimulate fishing but also carried building material into the wilderness—for nothing

continued



AN OLD ENGRAVING SHOWS A TYPICAL SCENE OF THE O. & W.'S ROUTE ALONG THE EAST BRANCH OF THE DELAWARE

—for anyone who would build a vacation cabin or a resort hotel along the tracks. It published each summer a guidebook along with its timetable, listing hotels, boardinghouses and farmers who would take summer guests. Each farm, it seems, was so situated that it enjoyed magnificent scenery, fresh air, pure water, cool nights and good fishing. Most provided delicious food in ample quantities, including home-grown vegetables, and many offered guests the use of porch swings and croquet grounds.

The 1880 O. & W. guide reported of James Gaubler's farmhouse at Fallsburgh: "On the banks of the Neversink; rooms large and airy; beautiful falls and cañon." Or of Cornelius Ivory's farm, located in dense woods a mile from the station at Wurtsboro, which charged \$6 a week, with room for 50 fishermen: "Best trout and pickerel fishing in Sullivan County."

Thaddeus Norris, the first American fly fisherman, fished the Willowemoc before 1865. John Burroughs, born near the village of Roxbury, not far from where the O. & W. ran, published such essays as *The Heart of the Southern Catskills*, marvelously engaging descriptive writing that summoned up the country's rocky wonders and its cold and turbulent rivers. Their impact was akin to that of Hemingway's fishing and hunting stories half a century later. Then Theodore Gordon made the land along the O. & W. known to discriminating anglers all over the world. Gordon settled on the Neversink in the 1880s and, for 20 years as a contributor to the English *Fishing Gazette*, communicated the pleasure he had found fishing in Catskill streams. The charm of Gordon's prose, the lack of any pretension and the sort of alert tranquility that distinguished his descriptions of sport made the Beaverkill and its kindred streams unforgettable.

Such writers as these made the Catskills world famous. In the 1880 edition of the guidebook there were only 28 hotels listed, and most were small—but each year the list grew longer. The 1880 book ran to 45 pages. The 1881 edition, called *Summer Homes on the New York, Ontario & Western Railway*, was 82 pages long, while that for 1883 was 110 pages, and the 1900 volume came to 192 pages. Sometimes bound in hard covers and carrying colored illustrations, *Summer Homes* was given away for the asking.

The hotels grew increasingly elaborate. The town of Liberty, which had four small public houses in 1880, with room for 319 people, had 16 big hotels by 1909, which, along with boardinghouses, accommodated 1,782. The hotels tended to be massive, white, tree-shaded, overgrown dwellings, like the Hall House, where Theodore Gordon stayed. By 1909 there were 152 big hotels on only 83 miles of the O. & W. between Cornwall-on-Hudson and Roscoe. And many of the 199 boardinghouses and the 234 farmhouses had been expanded to hold guests and were really part-time hotels. There was now room for 14,490 visitors along the main line. The great era of the Catskill resort society had begun, the days of the Mount Meenahga House, and Chateau Shawnee and the Shawangunk Mountain House and Shawangunk Lodge, and the Minnewaska Mountain House and the Waldo Hotel at Middletown, of which the 1909 edition of *Summer Homes* proudly noted: "House is under the personal management of the proprietor, David Moss, late manager of the House of Commons, London."

Did the O. & W.'s campaign to open up the wilderness really work? As far as vacationers were concerned, it worked exceedingly well. The towns along the way became linked in the great chain of Catskill resort towns. Ellenville, Monticello, Loch Sheldrake and the like, famous for the Nevele, the Raleigh, the Concord, Grossinger's and The Laurels, whose advertisements nowadays mention attractions far removed from the old garden swings on the farms—championship tennis courts and golf courses, for example, or sauna baths, indoor ice rinks, fencing instruction, ski runs, bob-sledding, low-calorie menus, health clubs and Eddie Fisher and other celebrities in the nightclubs. But the extent to which the O. & W. profited is obscured by many mysteries in its financial history. The railroad certainly made money at times. For years it hauled 150,000 vacationers each summer into the mountains. And in 1920 the vacation business became a bonanza: the O. & W. carried two million people that summer. Early in the Depression, in 1932, there were only 19 Class I railroads in the U.S. that were making money, and the O. & W. was one of them.

But its days were numbered. The line always wanted to be like other big railroads. It alternated between profiting

from its apparently absurd policy of hauling vacationers into nowhere and losing money when it tried to be a practical railroad hauling freight. Expanding its coal-hauling business to Scranton meant that it had to buy heavier equipment and spend colossal sums strengthening the beautiful old bridges over the fine trout streams. At one time the O. & W. even tried to run high-speed luxury trains to Chicago, using the tracks of the Wabash. It went bankrupt in 1937, and finally out of business in 1957. By 1953, when the O. & W. stopped hauling passengers, the Interstate Commerce Commission valued it at \$37,400,000, but the tax agent for the railroad estimated that the 541 miles of the O. & W. right-of-way were worth only \$383,345.

This is the right-of-way that outdoor enthusiasts want the State of New York to take over for a hiking, cycling and horseback-riding trail. When the tracks were removed nothing was left of the O. & W. except scenery and tranquil seclusion. It occurred to Waldo Nielsen, an engineer with Eastman Kodak in Rochester, that the strange route of the O. & W. and its avoidance of large population centers made it potentially valuable to people who are now searching for outdoor recreation as eagerly as the O. & W. once searched for freight. Nielsen, who hiked for many miles over the dismantled track, found it a well-drained gravel roadbed, requiring only a few light bridges and a little smoothing of the embankers to be a fine path for hikers, cyclists and horseback riders. Last summer when he returned from a 50-mile walk over the O. & W. he began writing newspapers and public officials, urging that the right-of-way be bought for recreation. He says he has received many encouraging replies, but nobody has come up with a practical plan for putting his idea into effect. If the O. & W. ever becomes a hiking path, it will certainly lead to lovely fishing country, long since bypassed by the freeways. And the hikers can sing an old O. & W. song once cherished by Colgate students:

Oh, the snow is six feet deep, in the good old wintertime,

When the Cannonball leaves Utica on the O. & W. line,

But when it reaches Hamilton, though strange as it may seem,

The frogs are croaking in the Lake and the Willow Path is green. **END**

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